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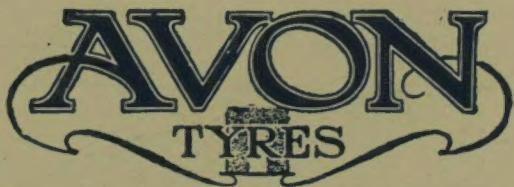
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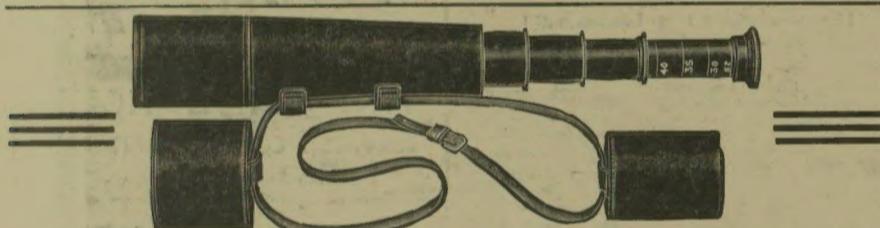
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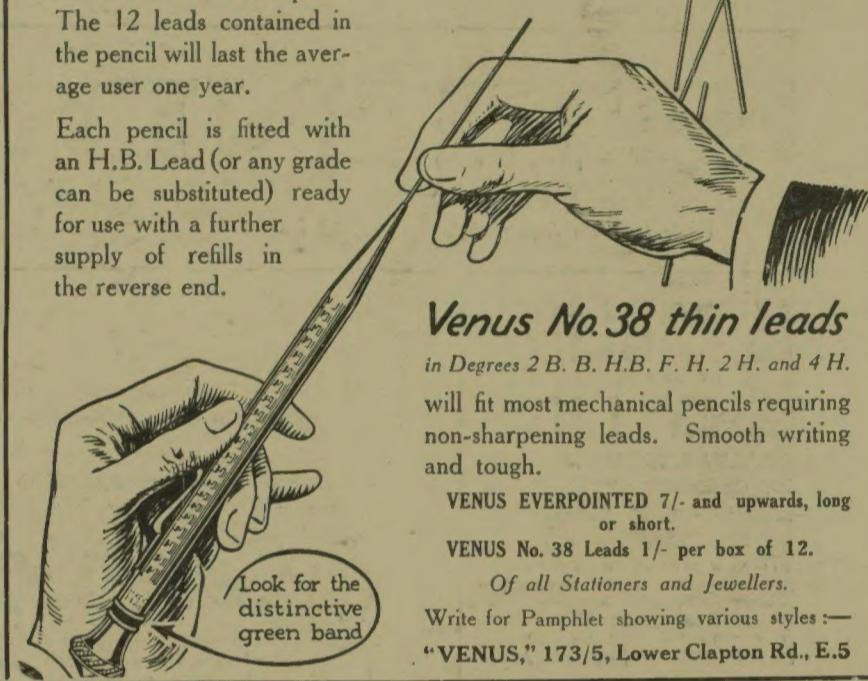
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1922.

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HOSTESS OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT GOODWOOD: THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND; WITH THE DUKE.

The King carried out his usual Goodwood programme by honouring the Duke of Richmond and Gordon with his presence at Goodwood House for the meeting; but this year is the first occasion on which the Queen has accompanied him. The hostess at Goodwood House is the Duchess of Northumberland, youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and wife of the eighth Duke of Northumberland, who is shown with her in our snapshot. She married

in 1911, and has three sons and two daughters. The house party at Goodwood included Lord and Lady Hartington, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Dalhousie, Lady Katherine Hamilton, Lord Lonsdale, and others; and, in accordance with the wish of their Majesties, was of as informal a nature as possible. Bowler hats were worn at the meeting; and in the evening only the Duke and his family appeared in knee breeches.

THE RELIEF OF LIMERICK: IRISH NATIONAL TROOPS CAPTURE THE CITY AFTER AN ARTILLERY ASSAULT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
L.N.A. AND TOPICAL.

MOTORS, CARTS, AND SAND-BAGS AS BARRICADES: A MAIN-ROAD "BATTLEFRONT"—CRUISE'S ROYAL HOTEL ON THE RIGHT.



ONE OF MANY TRAPS SET BY THE IRREGULARS: A NATIONAL SOLDIER POINTING TO AN UNEXPLODED MINE IN A BARRACKS



CONSTRUCTED FOR THE ATTACK ON AN IRREGULAR STRONGHOLD: THE SAND-BAGGED ENTRANCE, CRUISE'S HOTEL, BASEMENT.



PASSING THROUGH BARRICADES AT THE BRIDGEHEAD, LIMERICK: CHARS-A-BANCS WITH NATIONAL TROOPS FOR THE LIMERICK FIGHT.



WITH CIVILIANS MUCH INTERESTED IN THEM: NATIONAL TROOPS GUARDING A BREACH MADE BY THEIR SHELLS.



FRATERNISING WITH THE NATIONAL PEOPLE OF THE LIBERATED CITY.



A RESULT OF SHELLS FIRED BY THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY: A BREACH IN THE BACK OF STRAND BARRACKS.



IRREGULAR DEFENCES: A BARRICADE IN A LIMERICK STREET.



USED BY THE IRREGULARS AND AFTERWARDS BURNED BY THEM: A LIMERICK CHURCH RUINED.



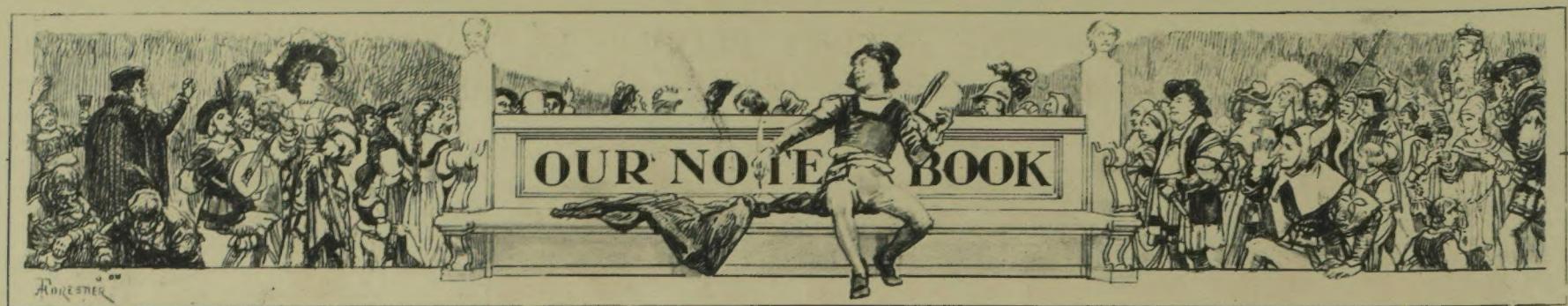
WITH CAPTAIN HANNON, ONE OF THE WOUNDED: A NATIONAL ARMY GROUP AFTER THE FIGHTING.



IRREGULAR DEFENCES: A BARRICADE IN A LIMERICK STREET.

It was announced on July 21 that Waterford City had been occupied that morning by the Irish National troops, as the result of a surprise night attack made by two companies, ferried across the Suir in small boats; and at the same time it was reported that the National troops had captured Limerick. Limerick City had been held powerfully by Irregular forces. It was taken by a strong artillery assault. One Irregular garrison surrendered, and the other Irregulars retreated into the surrounding country. The National Artillery occupied positions commanding the front and the rear of Strand Barracks, which, on the

garrison refusing to surrender, they shelled with 18-pounder guns. Breaches having been made in the outer walls, the Nationalist troops stormed the position. Later news had it that the National troops lost eight killed, or died of wounds, and twenty wounded. The Irregular losses were probably four killed and about fifty wounded. Some two hundred Irregulars were taken prisoners. Much material damage was done, especially as the Irregulars pursued their customary tactics, and damaged and fired numbers of buildings after evacuating them.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

EVERYBODY says that each generation revolts against the last. Nobody seems to notice that it generally revolts against the revolt of the last. I mean that the latest grievance is really the last reform. To take but one example in passing. There is a new kind of novel which I have seen widely reviewed in the newspapers. No; it is not an improper novel. On the contrary, it is more proper—almost in the sense of prim—than its authors probably imagine. It is really a reaction towards a more old-fashioned morality, and away from a new-fashioned one. It is not so much a revolt of the daughters as a return of the grandmothers.

Miss May Sinclair wrote a novel of the kind I mean, about a spinster whose life had been blighted by a tender and sensitive touch in her education, which had taught her—or rather, expected her—always to "behave beautifully." Mrs. Delafield wrote a story with the refreshing name of "Humbug" on somewhat similar lines. It suggests that children are actually trained to deception, and especially self-deception, by a delicate and considerate treatment that continually appealed to their better feelings, which was always saying, "You would not hurt father." Now, certainly a more old-fashioned and simple style of education did not invariably say, "You would not hurt father." Sometimes it preferred to say, "Father will hurt you." I am not arguing for or against the father with the big stick. I am pointing out that Miss Sinclair and the modern novelists really are arguing for the father with the big stick, and against a more recent movement that is supposed to have reformed him. I myself can remember the time when the progressives offered us, as a happy prospect, the very educational method which the novelists now describe so bitterly in retrospect.

We were told that true education would only appeal to the better feelings of children; that it would devote itself entirely to telling them to live beautifully; that it would use no argument more arbitrary than saying "You would not hurt father." That ethical education was the whole plan for the rising generation in the days of my youth. We were assured beforehand how much more effective such a psychological treatment would be than the bullying and blundering idea of authority. The hope of the future was in this humanitarian optimism in the training of the young; in other words, the hope was set on something which, when it is established, Mrs. Delafield instantly calls humbug and Miss Sinclair appears to hate as a sort of hell. What they are suffering from, apparently, is not the abuses of their grandfathers, but the most modern reforms of their fathers. These complaints are the first fruits of reformed education, of ethical societies, and social idealists. I repeat that I am for the moment talking about their opinions and not mine. I am not eulogising either big sticks or psychological scalpels; I am pointing out that the outcry against the scalpel inevitably involves something of a case for the stick. I have never tied myself to a final belief in either; but I point out that the progressive, generation after generation, does elaborately tie himself up in new knots, and then roar and yell aloud to be untied.

It seems a little hard on the late Victorian idealist to be so bitterly abused merely for being kind to his children. There is something a little unconsciously comic about the latest generation of critics, who are crying out against their parents, "Never, never can I forgive the tenderness with which my mother treated me." There is a certain irony in the bitterness which says, "My soul cries for vengeance when I remember that papa was always polite at the breakfast-table; my soul is seared by the persistent insolence of Uncle William in refraining from clouting me over the head." It seems harsh to blame these idealists for idealising human life, when they were only following what was seriously set before them as the only ideal of education. But, if this is to be said for the late Victorian idealist, there is also something to be said for the early Victorian authoritarian. Upon their own argument, there is something to be said for Uncle William if he did clout them over the head. It is rather hard, even on the great-grandfather with

only mystification. Humanly considered, a human personality is the only thing that does in fact emerge out of a combination of the forces inside the child and the forces outside. The child cannot grow up in a void or vacuum with no forces outside. Circumstances will control or contribute to his character, whether they are the grandfather's stick or the father's persuasion or the conversations among the characters of Miss May Sinclair. Who in the world is to say positively which of these things has or has not helped his real personality?

What is his real personality? These philosophers talk as if there was a complete and complex animal curled up inside every baby, and we had nothing to do but to let it come out with a yell. As a matter of fact, we all know, in the case of the finest and most distinguished personalities, that it would be very difficult to disentangle them from the trials they have suffered, as well as from the truths they have found. But, anyhow, these thinkers must give us some guidance as to how they propose to tell whether their transcendental notion of a true self has been realised or no. As it is, anybody can say of any part of any personality that it is or is not an artificial addition obscuring that personality. In fiction, most of the wild and anarchical characters strike me as entirely artificial. In real life they would no doubt be much the same, if they could ever be met with in real life. But anyhow, they would be the products of experience as well as of elemental impulses; they would be influenced in some way by all they had gone through; and anybody would be free to speculate on what they would have been like if they had never had such experiences. Anybody might amuse himself by trying to subtract the experiences and find the self; anybody who wanted to waste his time.

Therefore, without feeling any fixed fanaticism for all the old methods, whether coercive or persuasive, I do think they both had a basis of common-sense which is wanting in this third theory. The parent, whether persuading or punishing the child, was at least aware of one simple truth. He knew that, in the most serious sense, God alone knows what the child is really like, or is meant to be really like. All we can do to him is to fill him with those truths which we believe to be equally true whatever he is like. We must have a code of morals which we believe to be applicable to all children, and impose it on this child because it is applicable to all children. If it seems to be a part of his personality to be a swindler or a torturer, we must tell him that we do not want any personalities to be swindlers and torturers. In other words, we must believe in a religion or philosophy firmly enough to take the responsibility of acting on it, however much the rising generations may knock, or kick, at the door. I know all about the word education meaning drawing things out, and mere instruction meaning putting things in. And I respectfully reply that God alone knows what there is to draw out; but we can be reasonably responsible for what we are ourselves putting in.



UNVEILED BY ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES MADDEN: EAST GRINSTEAD'S WAR MEMORIAL.
Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

the big stick, that we should still abuse him merely for having neglected the persuasive methods that we have ourselves abandoned. It is hard to revile him for not having discovered to be sound the very sentimentalities that we have since discovered to be rotten.

For the case of these moderns is worst of all when they do try to find any third ideal, which is neither the authority which they once condemned for not being persuasion, nor the persuasion which they now condemn for being worse than authority. The nearest they can get to any other alternative is some notion about individuality; about drawing out the true personality of the child, or allowing a human being to find his real self. It is, perhaps, the most utterly meaningless talk in the whole muddle of the modern world. How is a child of seven to decide whether he has or has not found his true individuality? How, for that matter, is any grown-up person to tell it for him? How is anybody to know whether anybody has become his true self? In the highest sense it can only be a matter of mysticism; it can only mean that there was a purpose in his creation. It can only be the purpose of God, and even then it is a mystery. In anybody who does not accept the purpose of God, it can only be a muddle. It is so unmeaning that it cannot be called mystery but

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

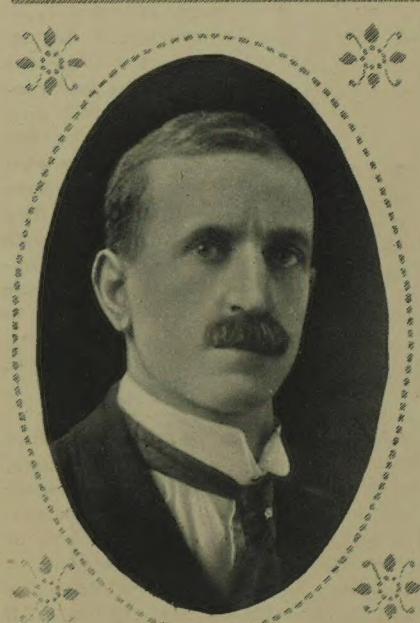
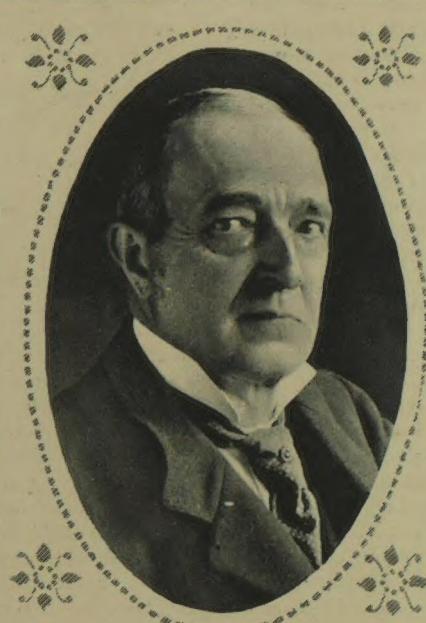
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, L.N.A., TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, BARRATT, PHOTO PRESS AGENCY.



AT LORD'S LAST WEEK: THE GENTLEMEN'S ELEVEN IN THE DRAWN MATCH WITH THE PLAYERS



AT LORD'S LAST WEEK: THE PLAYERS' ELEVEN IN THE DRAWN MATCH WITH THE GENTLEMEN.

THE NEW M.P. FOR GOWER:
MR. D. R. GRENFELL.WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY:
LIEUT-COLONEL A. F. MARCHMENT.K.C. AND GENEALOGIST: THE LATE
MR. W. C. RENSHAW.

Mrs. Everard Cotes, who died from pneumonia on July 22, was widely known as a novelist under the name of Sara Jeannette Duncan.—Major-Gen. the Rev. Dr. Simms, Sir H. Wilson's successor for North Down in the Imperial Parliament, elected unopposed on July 21, was a chaplain in the war.—Rear-Admiral Dumaresq took part in the Battle of Jutland. He died at Manila while on his way home from commanding on the Australian Station.—The late Mr. A. R. Waller, M.A., Peterhouse, Cambridge, was Secretary to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press.—The late Mr. J. R. Featherby, J.P., was the first Mayor of Gillingham, Kent. He is said to have been one of the last High Constables in England.—Marshal Pilsudski's resignation of the office of Chief of the State in Poland is stated to be due to Cabinet differences.—The names of the Gentlemen's team at Lord's, reading from left to right, are:

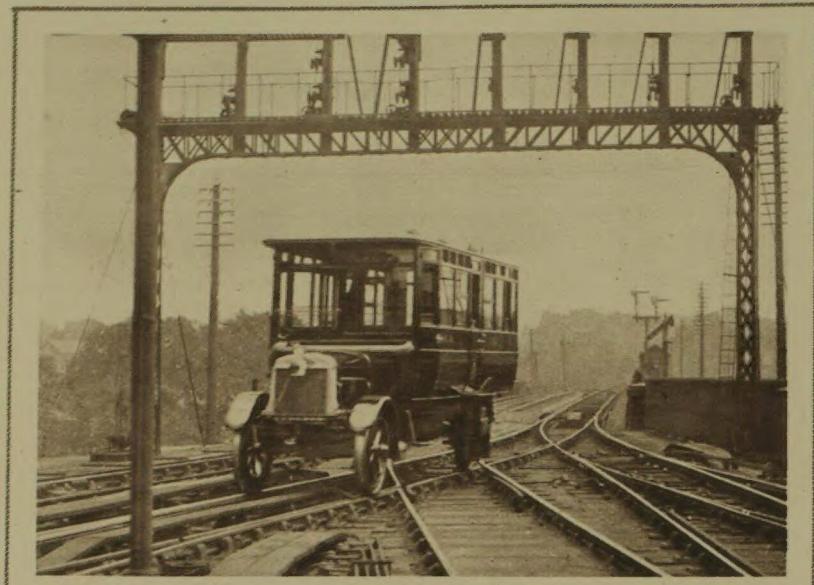
(upper row) C. A. F. Fiddian-Green, G. T. S. Stevens, G. M. Louden, A. P. F. Chapman, A. E. R. Gilligan, J. C. White. Lower row (left to right): H. Ashton, P. G. H. Fender, F. T. Mann (Captain), G. E. C. Wood, A. W. Carr. The names of the Players are, left to right: (back row) G. G. Macaulay (Yorkshire), W. N. Livsey (Hants), C. P. Mead (Hants), E. Tyldesley (Lancs), J. W. Hearne (Middlesex), Sandham (spare man; Surrey). Front row (left to right): F. R. Wooley (Kent), C. H. Parkin (Lancs), J. B. Hobbs (Surrey), H. T. Hardinge (Kent), A. C. Russell (Essex).—Mr. D. R. Grenfell, M.P., was elected as Labour candidate at the Gower election with a majority of 3445 over the Coalition candidate.—Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Marchment, King's Prizeman at Bisley, served in the war, and belongs to the 1st Batt. London Regiment.—The late Mr. Walter Charles Renshaw, K.C., was a well-known authority on genealogy.

CAMERA NOTES: EVENTS AND INCIDENTS FROM FAR AND WIDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND C.N.



WHERE THE STATUE OF ITS FIRST PRINCIPAL WAS UNVEILED DURING THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS: ABERYSTWTH UNIVERSITY.



A MOTOR-BUS RUNNING ON A RAILWAY-TRACK: THE N.E.R. COMPANY'S RAIL-BUS TO SMALL STATIONS ENTERING YORK.



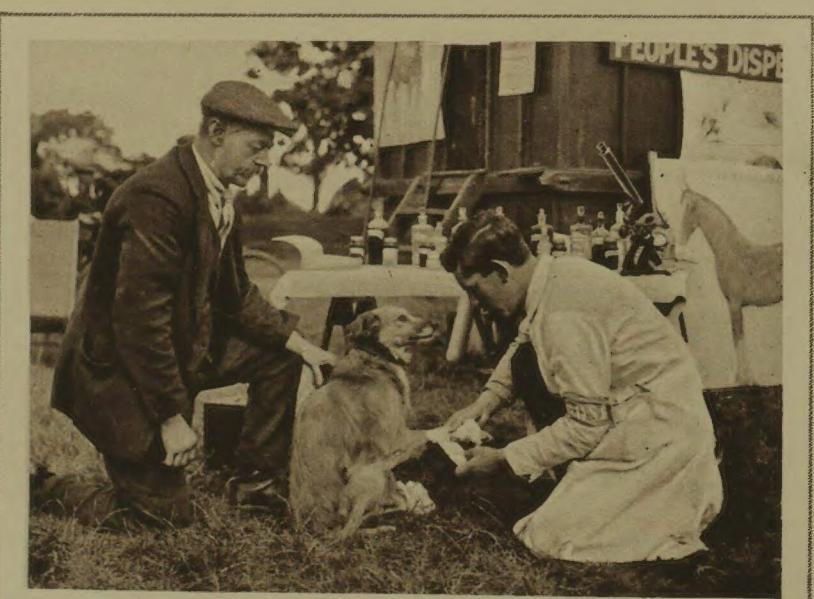
AFTER THE LANGWALD POND DAM BURST IN AMERICA: THE COLLAPSED REMAINS OF A MACHINE-SHOP AT CHICOPEE.



A STREET IN CHICOPEE, MASS., AFTER THE FLOOD: A WRECKED HOUSE SHIFTED THIRTY FEET FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN ON WHEELS AMONG SUFFERING ANIMALS: A FARM-HORSE BROUGHT FOR TREATMENT AT BRENTWOOD.



CARAVAN DISPENSARY WORK AMONG ANIMALS OF POOR PEOPLE: A COLLIE PATIENT BEING BANDAGED BY THE VETERINARY SURGEON.

Mr. Lloyd George visited Aberystwith on July 19 to receive the freedom of the borough, and to take part in the jubilee celebrations of the University College of Wales. There he attended the unveiling of a bronze statue, life-size, of the first Principal of Aberystwith College, Thomas Charles Edwards, which has been erected in the College grounds on the sea front.—The North Eastern Railway Company have started a railway motor-bus service, running on the ordinary track, to serve small stations within reach of York where the population is insufficient to make it pay to run ordinary trains. If the experi-

ment succeeds, the service will be carried farther afield and be otherwise extended.—The bursting of the Langwald Pond Mill dam, in Massachusetts, flooded with disastrous results the town of Chicopee and a wide area around, wrecking and overthrowing houses and rendering three hundred people homeless.—Very gratifying results have attended the touring-caravan visits in parts of Essex of the travelling veterinary dispensary for the succour of sick animals belonging to villagers and the farming population, known as the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor. Its work is shown on this page.

TO KEEP NON-CO-OPERATION ALIVE: A "GANDHI DAY" PARADE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



FÊTED AS MARTYRS: RELEASED GANDHISTS GARLANDED AND PARADED ABOUT DELHI IN CARRIAGES.



WITH A REPRESENTATION OF A NATIVE SPINNING-WHEEL AS EMBLEM OF THE FOREIGN-CLOTH BOYCOTT: GANDHIST DEMONSTRATORS, WEARING THEIR HOME-SPUN CLOTHES AND "KHADDAR" CAPS.

It will be recalled that M. K. Gandhi, India's chief agitator, and leader of the Non-Co-operation and civil disturbances movements, who tried so hard to bring about an effective boycott of the Prince of Wales during his Royal Highness's visit to India, was arrested in March last and sentenced to six years' simple imprisonment for sedition. Contrary to expectation, this act on the part of the Government of India was received quietly in the country—almost with apathy. That, however, has not prevented the continuance of the Non-Co-operation

movement by certain Gandhists. Each month, on what they called "Gandhi Day," Gandhist leaders in Delhi make a futile effort to strengthen the Anti-British movement. Political prisoners recently released are paraded through the streets as heroes, and bundles of old and useless foreign cloth are burnt symbolically. Our readers will recall that the charkha, or native spinning-wheel, is used by the Gandhists as an emblem of the foreign-cloth boycott. It figures prominently at demonstrations, much as our Socialists like to display Red Flags.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC?

MUSIC has always been the great stumbling-block to critics in their generalisations about æsthetics. In literature we have seen a revulsion from the great cry of the Eighteen-nineties, "Art for art's sake," which in its turn was a revulsion from the superficial moralising of Ruskin. To Ruskin Gothic architecture was morally virtuous, and that was why it was good architecture. It was designed and built by honest workmen, workmen who lived virtuous lives, did not know the meaning of divorce, and who consequently never botched or scamped a job. With the Renaiss-

able priggishness and his too superficial and conventional conception of "goodness," yet I am forced to admit that I think Ruskin was on the right track. The followers of Wilde and Whistler, the "art for art's sake" theorists, are in a *cul-de-sac*. They have got hold of a truth, but it is not all the truth. Ruskin had got hold of a much more obscure and difficult truth. To say that he had "got hold of it" is a euphemism: he really only had got a very dim glimpse of it, but it is a bigger, more comprehensive generalisation than the "art for art's sake" truth, and it enables us to range works of art in a more rational and orderly manner.

The "art for art's sake" theorists are forced by their theory to judge works of art solely by some technical standard. They have no other "system of co-ordinates" to which they can refer them. In fact, by their formula everything becomes a work of art that is not done for money or for any other useful purpose. And they have no method by which they can tell whether it is well done, because technique is an individual thing. There cannot be a technique that is absolutely "it" and good for everybody, for that would introduce an absolute standard outside art by reference to which works of art were good or bad. In this dilemma we find that what happens is that in every age a certain kind of technique becomes fashionable, and the "art for art's sake" champions judge the goodness and badness of contemporary works of art by reference to this fashionable technique. In music the present generation has witnessed no less than four fashions—the Strauss, the Debussy, the Neo-Russian, and the Folk-Song fashions. During each of these crazes good music—*i.e.*, music that was modern, original, and worth bothering about—was music that conformed to the fashionable prototype of the moment; the rest was rubbish.

Now, Ruskin was quite right when he perceived, however confusedly, that this was all wrong. It is wrong because it is formless, because it leaves art without any organisation; and he strove to give it an organic unity by introducing this touchstone of moral goodness. Unfortunately, "moral goodness" meant to Ruskin something far too limited. Ruskin lived during the middle of the nineteenth century, when England was still in the grip of Puritanical measles. The whole country had a sort of moral small-pox. "Goodness" was narrowed down—was, in fact, whittled away to a merely negative denial of life. It was obviously impossible to apply this nineteenth-century test of "moral goodness" to any works of art, because there were no works of art which were small enough, dead enough, anaemic enough to be squeezed into so limited a conception. All the great artistic works of the world were upon the Puritanical Index; all that was left were a few hymns.

Now that we have deepened and vivified our conception of goodness, it may be possible to try to reapply Ruskin's standard—the standard he was instinctively aiming at. But first of all I want to make it clear that men and women get their perceptions of goodness from life and from works of art. It is works of art which provide us with the standard of reference which is not technical, not "artistic," but concrete and pure and universal. By "life" I mean our inner life. There is no life outside us except in works of art; that is why art is so immensely the most important of all human products. What is called "life" by many people is merely material mechanism without any significance. Significance only exists in our own spirit and in works of art.

Significance is spiritual, not mechanical. "Goodness" is the measure of the spiritual life. This is the profound truth which Ruskin was aiming at. Art is good according to the

fulness in which it expresses spiritual life. Here we have a criterion to apply to all art, including music. But it is a criterion that cannot be applied like a foot-rule. It is not a fool-proof gadget which anybody can use. Only those whose spiritual intuition has grasped the beauty of great works of art possess a core of consciousness to which they can refer new works of art. Now, what I want to say is this—that in music there are two composers whose work towers immensely above the work of all other musicians. Those two are Mozart and Beethoven. Now, neither Mozart nor Beethoven makes his strongest appeal straightforward. I well remember when I was a student, about ten years ago, that I thought Mozart childish and thin. Strauss, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky seemed to me immeasurably greater. They thrilled me and swept me off my feet; while Mozart left me cold. Now I listen to their works with a chilly, disillusioned mind. I see through all those gentlemen and their corybantic ravings. They no longer can raise a hair upon my head, or stir a muscle in my body—but Mozart! If ever there was a divine spirit born into this world it was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. I would ask the reader to get down the A Major Pianoforte Concerto composed in 1786 (when Mozart was thirty years old) and play the first movement slowly all through. Then let him play the following slow movement, and when he has finished playing those two movements he will, if he has any sensibility of soul, know what real goodness is. By the side of that exquisite spiritual beauty the lachrymose howlings of Tchaikovsky and the sensuous orgies of Wagner seem empty and meaningless. The same is true of Beethoven, who, however, rarely attained the purity of style of Mozart. Yet Mozart was "inordinately fond of punch." In his later years—he died at the early age of thirty-five, harassed and impoverished, and was buried in a pauper's grave—he led a hectic, dissipated life. Beethoven often behaved abominably to his friends, and described his publishers as "hell-hounds who lick and gnaw my brains"; he was normally immoral, and there was not a year in his life when he was not in love with somebody. Yet these two men were spiritually two of the greatest men who have ever been born into this world. So it is obvious that the Puritanical idea of goodness is inadequate.



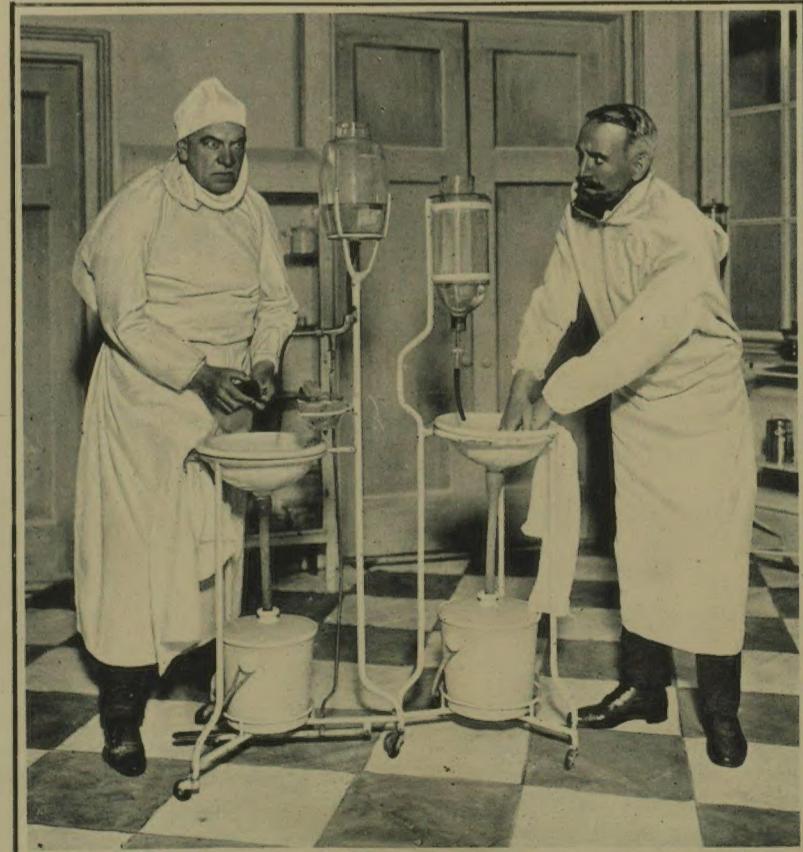
AN INFATUATED VICTIM OF A FATAL OPERATION: MRS. WATSON (MISS KYRLE BELLEV, ON LEFT) WITH THE COMTESSE D'ORSAY (MISS CARMEN NESVILLE), IN "THE RISK," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Mrs. Watson, a *malade imaginaire*, is the wife of a wealthy American staying in Paris without her husband. She consults Dr. Revard, who performs an unnecessary operation that proves fatal. Afterwards he learns that she was in love with him. So also is the Comtesse.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

sance men became wicked, selfish, self-conscious, and irreligious. Consequently they were charlatans, and their work was meretricious—clever perhaps, but insincere. This delightfully simple but ingenious theory was taken to the hearts of the English people. It was so easy to understand, for one thing; and for another it was so flattering to everybody. For the wicked never mind being thought wicked if it is allowed that they are clever; and as for the good—well, they could be as dull and stupid as they liked, but nevertheless they could not be incompetent, because it was axiomatic in the Ruskinian æsthetics that the good produced good work.

Ruskin was the most muddle-headed genius the world has ever produced. It is obvious to the merest schoolboy that you may be good to your mother—*i.e.*, kind and considerate—without being a good wicket-keeper, or *vice-versa*. In other words, that there are thousands of varieties of "good," and that the possession of one good does not necessarily put you in possession of all the others. Now, it is inconceivable that Ruskin should not have been able to see this. Why, then, did he persistently, wilfully, close his eyes to it, with the result that he filled London with bad imitation Gothic buildings, and that he praised the works of painters far inferior to Whistler in the most extravagant terms, while describing Whistler as "flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public"? Was Ruskin an inspired lunatic, or was there some deep underlying truth hidden behind the apparent absurdity of his attitude—some general truth whose value was so great as to outweigh all the smaller errors of judgment in its application?

Now, this is a question that has got to be faced by music critics as well as by the critics of all the other arts; and for my part I have no hesitation in saying that, while no one dislikes more than I do Ruskin's insuffi-



A FRENCH COUNTERPART OF "THE BUTCHER OF BRUTON STREET": THE SURGEON-VILLAIN, DR. REVARD (MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, ON LEFT) AND HIS REBELLIOUS ASSISTANT, DR. JAVELIN (MR. EDMUND KENNEDY), IN "THE RISK," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

"The Risk," is a medical play adapted from "Le Caducée" by André Pascal (Baron Henri de Rothschild). The chief character, Dr. Armand Revard, is a fashionable but unscrupulous surgeon, in the hands of moneylenders, who runs a shady nursing home and performs unnecessary operations on rich dupes for exorbitant fees. Finally one of the victims dies, and, threatened with exposure by other doctors, he poisons himself.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

TOYS, CAMOUFLAGE, AND CONVERSATION: SEEKING NATURAL POSES.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WITH HIS CAMERA CONCEALED IN A PIECE OF NURSERY FURNITURE: MR. MARCUS ADAMS, THE WELL-KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER OF CHILDREN, AMUSING LITTLE SITTERS; WITH BULB IN HAND READY TO CATCH A NATURAL POSE.

It is notoriously difficult to obtain natural studio photographs of children, as distinct from "snapshots." The atmosphere of the ordinary studio, and the aspect and manner of the average photographer, are apt to have an oppressive and awe-inspiring effect on little people, with the result that they come out in the picture looking stiff and glum. Mr. Marcus Adams, who is well known as an adept in taking natural portraits of children, proceeds on very different lines.

In the Children's Studio, at 43, Dover Street, he has an alluring array of toys and games for amusing his young clients, and putting them at their ease. Meanwhile, the camera is concealed, and Mr. Adams, while keeping the ball of conversation rolling, keeps a watchful eye, ready to press the bulb at the right moment. Many delightful examples of his art have appeared, and are appearing, in the "Sketch"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY; "THE TERRIERS"; A PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., AND FARRINGDON PHOTO COMPANY.



THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY FAVoured BY FINE WEATHER ALMOST TO THE LAST: THE GUESTS IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



UNDER THE ROYAL TENT AT THEIR GARDEN PARTY: THE KING AND QUEEN CHATTING WITH THEIR GUESTS ON THE LAWN.



AT THE REVIEW OF THE LONDON TERRITORIALS IN HYDE PARK ON JULY 22: THE KING, AFTER ENTERING THE PARK ON HIS WAY TO THE PARADE GROUND.

The Royal Garden Party in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on Friday afternoon, July 21, was one of the most brilliant social ceremonies witnessed this season. It was favoured with fine weather until towards six o'clock, when a slight shower of rain fell, but causing little inconvenience. Upwards of five thousand guests were present.—The royal review of ten thousand London Territorials in Hyde Park, on July 22, was marred as a spectacle by heavy rain. The King's inspection of the troops in line had to be cancelled, but the march-past was a remarkably

THE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE ARGENTINE: WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT VICTORIA.

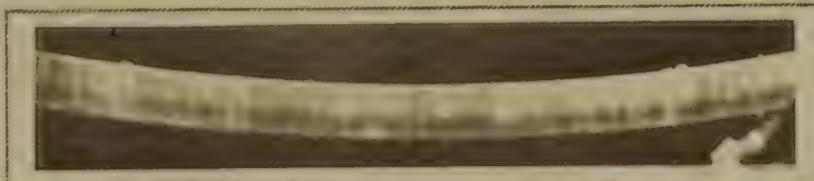
effective display, the battalions parading past the saluting-point with precision that evoked universal praise.—Don Marcelo de Alvear, the President-elect of the Argentine Republic, arrived in London on a two-days' visit to England, on July 20. He was welcomed at Victoria by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the King, and lunched with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. During his stay also he was entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and by the Prime Minister in Downing Street. He left England on July 22.

THE TALKING THREAD: SOUND-WAVES ON A "CORD."

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" (C.R.) SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 106.



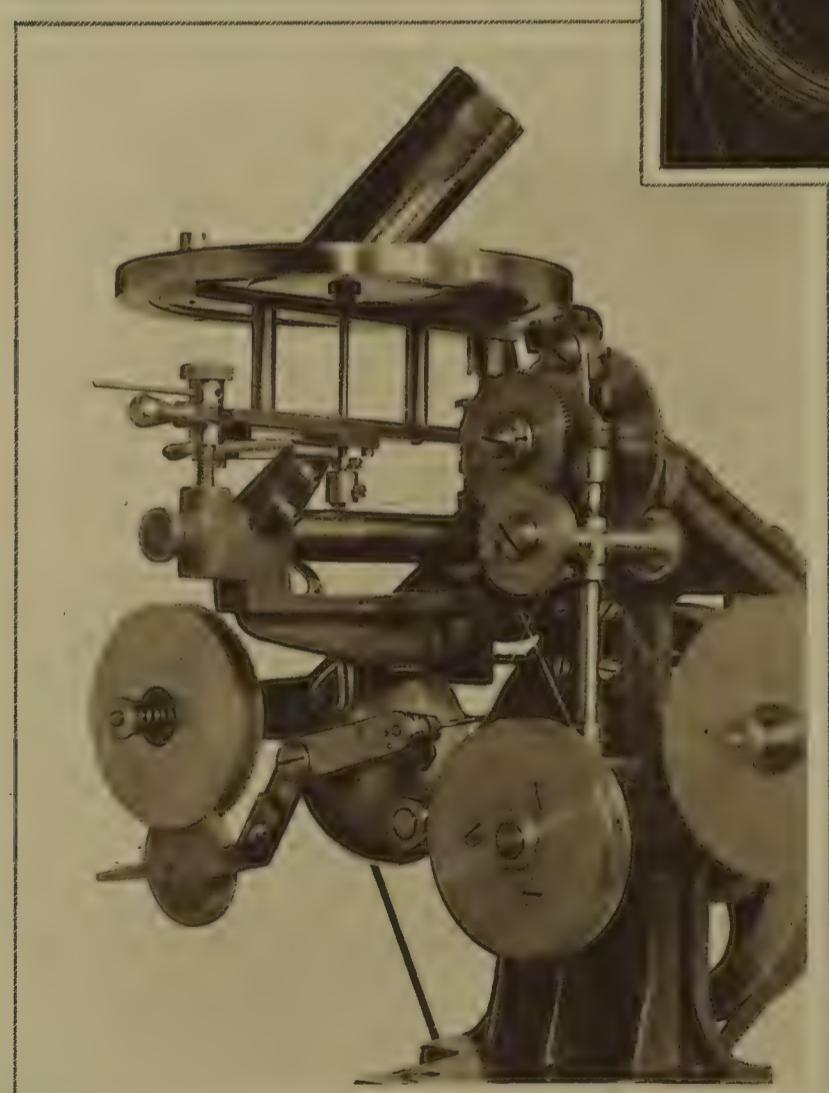
THE PAROGRAPH IN USE: DICTATING A LETTER INTO THE NEW MACHINE.



SHOWING PROJECTIONS MADE BY SOUND-WAVES: A PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF A SECTION OF THE THREAD.



WITH THREAD RECORD WOUND BACK AND RE-STARTED: TYPING WHILST THE DICTATION IS BEING REPRODUCED.



A Thread Record (Actual) size.



THE SOUND-BOX; AND THREAD IN CONTACT WITH THE STYLUS: APPARATUS FOR RECORDING AND REPRODUCING SOUNDS BY A CELLULOSE THREAD.

SHOWING HOW THE SOUND-WAVES REACH THE THREAD: A SIMPLE DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE NEW METHOD.

We illustrate above the essential features of an entirely new and most ingenious method for recording and reproducing sound-waves by means of a cellulose thread, instead of by the generally known disc or cylinder record. The "Parograph," as the apparatus is named, is the result of experiments by a Swiss inventor, who has now perfected a practical machine which causes the sound-waves to be impressed on the thread—in fact, as though the groove of the usual record had become solidified. As will be seen by the centre illustration of a talking-thread record,

which is reproduced the same size as the original and contains a speech of one hundred words, the records are very small and light, thus saving much space and weight. Records made in this manner may be of any desired length. Immediately after speech is recorded, the thread may be wound back and then started again, when the dictation will be reproduced, and may be repeated as necessary. We reproduce these pictures by the courtesy of Mr. W. F. Croll, Granville Chambers, Bury Street, London, who holds the selling rights of the patents.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

II.—MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

YEARS ago, when England walked by the mild illumination of King Edward's cigar, and the streets of his capital were a pleasant welter of horse-drawn vehicles and their new mechanical substitutes, the national intelligence was seriously exercised over the state of the national drama. It has been subject to these gusts of solemnity upon subjects to which solemnity is inappropriate ever since the discovery by those responsible for the conduct of newspapers that ideas form a useful substitute for news in the holiday season. Followed a pleasant trickle of discussion, which interrupted the quiet tedium of boating accidents and deciduous mountaineers, so seasonable and yet so monotonous in the newspapers of an English August. The mild debate drifted from the giant sea-serpent to the giant gooseberry, and from the giant gooseberry to the Modern Woman, and so, in the first years of the present century, to the New Drama.

They were all writing hard about it in the days of the early motor races, when fainting automobilists drove precariously from Paris to Bordeaux in several days and their despairing competitors plunged impulsively into the cheering multitudes which lined the road to watch the dust go by. The topic has an exquisite, faded air of the Edwardian scene, of the bland Premiership of Mr. Balfour, of the fiery apostolate of Mr. Lloyd George. One catches a faint echo drifting down the wind from quiet days when the cinema was impressively displayed as a new marvel of science to respectful audiences in music-halls, and the Georgians were still in that horrid nursery of theirs from which they should not yet, should never have been permitted to come downstairs into the drawing-room. And yet it is hardly fair to stare too hard at the faded colours of what once was bright. New College, even the New Theatre was new once. And so, ever so long ago, was the New Drama.

It was a brave business in those distant days. The dark forces which controlled the British theatre (and its directors have always, if one may believe its more earnest critics, favoured a darkish shade) were to be challenged by the bright young things whose appeal was to the Few. Young Mr. Shaw, younger Mr. Galsworthy, and younger, still younger Mr. Granville Barker shouldered their pens and marched gravely into battle. The proud banner of the *Intelligentsia* was raised in Sloane Square. If the assault could not be carried into the heart of the West End, their drums should at any rate be heard beating within a reasonably short Underground fare from it; and the Court Theatre became 'a sanctuary where New Dramatists of competing earnestness but undoubted novelty carried, as they loved to say, the torch. And by the novel practice of printing their plays they enabled those backward members of the public, who would not run so far, to read.'

The whole effort was a gallant endeavour to divert the British drama from its normal channels, to distract the attention of the playgoer from his favourite spectacle of a blonde, dishevelled wife returning at the fall of the curtain to a much-enduring husband after a second Act spent in the more enlivening society of another gentleman. These three figures had become the mathematical basis of British drama. There were other names on the programme, of course: a maid or so laid out an opera-cloak for the erring wife; a few guests stood round uneasily (in dress shirts) whilst she hesitated (in evening dress) on the brink of her error. But there were only three real people in the play that counted, and the sole dramatic unity which England respected was a trinity. Sometimes the actor-manager played Husband, and then his grave features were softly lit up by a red glow from the electric-light bulbs in the fireplace as he laid aside his book and turned to stroke the blonde leading-lady on her dishevelled head when she crouched beside his big armchair to wait, the two of them together, for the slow coming of old age and the still slower fall of the

curtain. Sometimes (when there was to be an act of unusual abnegation, a rare poignancy of renunciation, a slow walk up the stage with dragging footsteps and out into the darkness beyond the bookcase full of dummy books) he played Lover. Or sometimes the three figures gyrated a shade quicker: their rooms contained a delicious multiplicity of doors, and the piece was understood to have been adapted from the French. But there was never a variation in the mathematical formula, in the commuting and permuting Three, until the faint, far trumpets of the New Drama sounded thinly across London from the Court Theatre.

Their quaint notion was to adulterate the limpid flow of British drama by a sudden infiltration of ideas. For the first time in centuries some tea was to be put in the dramatic tea-pot with the water, and perhaps there would not be quite so many lumps of sugar in

mild monotony of a figure in a *Picnic*. He regards life rather as a retired inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children must regard parents. The sight of a butterfly makes him think of wheels, and he can hardly bear to look at a fly without remembering the cruel, cruel amber.

It is a point of view, like another; and Mr. Galsworthy has embalmed it in an admirable series of plays. Haunted by the cruelty of life, he tends sometimes to specialise in the sort of people to whom life is always cruel, in that concave type which appears to have been designed to meet the impact of disaster, in those shadowy figures who seem to wait, effaced in their little corners, for the inquest and the coroner. The faintly ineffectual charwoman who flits across the tragedy of "The Silver Box," the helpless little clerk broken in "Justice," even the gesticulating emptiness of the post-war daredevil who succumbs to the complex of "Loyalties" are all, one feels, congenial to Mr. Galsworthy's rather nurse-like taste for weakness. He seems to prefer his little men and women to hang about his apron-strings; and it is almost always the Red Cross, scarcely ever the fiery cross, that Mr. Galsworthy raises.

Yet, on the rare occasions when he has tried for larger game, his success has been proportionately large. The world, outside those humanitarian circles where Conscientious Objectors were more than casualties, is strangely unmoved by the tragedies of weaklings; but the clash and fall of stronger men is the true material of drama. Once at least, in "Strife," Mr. Galsworthy has achieved the greater performance and set in motion two genuine, developed adult persons down the long road which ended in "a woman dead, and the two best men both broken." That play is a singularly faultless piece of work. One feels too often with Mr. Galsworthy that he is wasting his pity; and one hates to see the milk of human kindness being poured away, as he too often and too lavishly pours it, on the sands. Mr. Galsworthy so frequently weakens a sound play by arguing a weak case. But in "Strife" one is never distracted from the march of the tragedy by a flaw in the argument. One was disinclined to be persuaded of the futility of a whole system of law because the Magistrate in "The Silver Box" omitted to sentence a rich young man for an offence with which he was not charged, or because the sentimental embezzlement of a solicitor's clerk in "Justice" was punished rather than rewarded by society. But Mr. Galsworthy's case in "Strife" is unanswerable, and his dramatic handling of it is quite impeccable. Any economic system which maintains in a position of authority employers of labour who resemble Mr. Norman McKinnel

as closely as "John Anthony" stands condemned. The author starts with our intellectual sympathies, and we are prepared to let him prove his point in three Acts. Yet he does better. Any Fabian could demonstrate the farce of the existing order in British industry. But it takes a dramatist to make a tragedy of it.

The rare grip of Mr. Galsworthy's plays is only half due to their subjects. They owe the other half to the fine concentration of his method. You will never find in any one of his pieces that there is a word in the mouth of any character which is not strictly relevant to the tussle round which the play is built. There are no stray snatches of conversation, none of those little irrelevances of which real life is so full; because, if you are to state a case in three hours, there is no time for them. His people are exhibited with the one or two salient points of character which are necessary for the play, and one can hardly imagine them in any other situation. One seems to see them always in relief, never in solid, three-dimensional sculpture. The method—one may call it economical or meagre, according to taste—suffices admirably for the drama. But for a novelist (and Mr. Galsworthy writes novels) it is a frail equipment.



AUTHOR OF "THE FORSYTE SAGA" AND "LOYALTIES": MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY,
THE FAMOUS NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST, IN CONGENIAL COMPANY.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

the cup. Ideas were a strange ingredient for an English play, and the intrepid men who were to manipulate them were largely strangers to the English theatre. There was Mr. Shaw, who could state a case; and Mr. Barker, who could write a play; and Mr. Galsworthy, who almost alone among them could do both. He wrote, happily he still writes an abundance of plays; but from the first he has continued to state the same case. It was in the beginning and it has remained almost throughout his dramatic career the case which is known to the Police-Court missionary as the Hard Case.

Mr. Galsworthy as dramatist has dealt almost exclusively in those cruel exceptions whose suffering proves the rule. If he permits justice to intrude on his stage, it is in the form of a miscarriage of justice. If he tolerates an accident, one may be sure that it is a particularly wanton accident. If there is any luck going, it will be bad luck. His point of view as a dramatist, from the days of "The Silver Box" to the days—unnumbered, one hopes—of "Loyalties," is an extension, a projection upon the stage of the faintly oppressive humanitarianism which haunts his earlier writings. He seems to pity humanity with the

"ONLIE BEGETTER" OF THE FORSYTE FAMILY.

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. HENRY B. GOODWIN, F.R.P.S., OF STOCKHOLM, THE WELL-KNOWN SWEDISH PHOTOGRAPHER.



AN "EMBALMER" OF THE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS: MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST, WHO HAS HAD A LITERARY TRIUMPH WITH "THE FORSYTE SAGA," AND A THEATRICAL TRIUMPH WITH HIS PLAYS.

There is a tide in the careers of writers which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, or at least to fame. Mr. John Galsworthy has come in triumphantly on such a tide. Long recognised by the fit and few, he is established at last in his rightful seat before the nation as one of its representative men in literature and drama. First came the revivals in the Galsworthy Cycle at the Court Theatre, and the production of the new plays, "Windows" and "Loyalties." Next, the

great success of "The Forsyte Saga" (Heinemann), a collection into one volume of that remarkable trilogy of well-known novels—"The Man of Property," "In Chancery," and "To Let," with "interludes" and a new introduction by the author, has set the seal on his reputation as a novelist. "The tale," he writes, "cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper-middle class. . . . Here it rests, preserved in its own juice, 'The Sense of Property.'"

ARE WE TOO WEAK BY AIR? BRITAIN'S FUTURE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE BY CAPT. ALFRED G. BUCKHAM. (STRICTLY COPYRIGHT.)



RIDING THE THUNDER: A BRITISH AEROPLANE FLYING AT 5000 FEET THROUGH THE CENTRE OF A THUNDERSTORM, WITH LIGHTNING CONTINUALLY FLASHING DOWN THE DARK CLOUDS.



ABOVE THE RAIN-CLOUDS, TOWARDS SUNSET: A BRITISH AEROPLANE FLYING AT AN ALTITUDE OF 6000 FEET—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MID-AIR FROM ANOTHER MACHINE.

The question of Britain's air defences, the importance of which was brought home to us during the war, has recently been the subject of a strong agitation. Many consider that too much money (comparatively) is spent on ground establishments and personnel, and too little on the provision of new machines. It has been suggested that a powerful air attack—say, from Germany—would find us practically defenceless. Others contend that there is no immediate prospect of Germany being in a position to make such an attack. One thing is certain, that we cannot

afford to take chances in a matter so vital to the safety of the country, and an adequate force should be organised to meet any emergency. It is hardly too much to say that our air fleet is likely to be our first line of defence in any future war. There is no doubt as to the first-rate quality of our flying men, whose courage and ability in braving the worst of weather is exemplified in these remarkable photographs. What is needed is to supply them with the best and latest machines in sufficient quantity, and generally to encourage the development of aviation.

RELICS OF A PRINCE OF LOVERS: BYRON'S GREEK CAMPAIGN

FROM BYRON RELICS IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. JOHN MURRAY, COL. H. DU CRÔT,



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF BYRON: A DRAWING MADE BEFORE HE SAILED FOR GREECE, 1823.



WORN BY BYRON: A HELMET SHOWN IN A PORTRAIT OF HIM.



FOLDED IN A TRUNK FOR TRAVELLING: THE CAMP BED BYRON USED DURING THE WAR OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE.



BYRON'S JASPER AND GOLD SNUFF-BOX: A PERSONAL MEMENTO.



USED BY BYRON ON HIS TRAVELS AND DURING THE WAR OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE: THE SOLDIER-POET'S DESPATCH-CASE.



INDICATING INFANTILE PARALYSIS: SURGICAL BOOTS WORN BY BYRON WHEN HE WAS A CHILD.



SHOWING CORRECTIONS MADE BY BYRON: BOUND PROOF-SHEETS OF HIS POEM "THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

KIT, A "CHILDE HAROLD" MS., AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS.

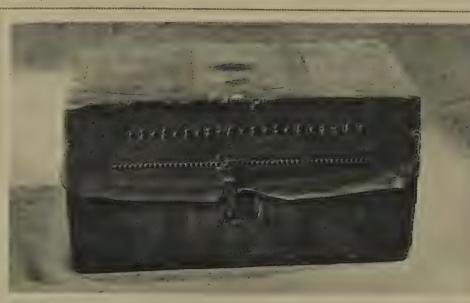
MRS. FRASER (THE PRESENT OWNER OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY), AND THE GREEK MINISTER.



GIVEN BY BYRON TO COUNT D'ORSAY AND BY HIM TO ANDREW DU CRÔT, THE CIRCUS PROPRIETOR: BYRON'S PISTOLS AND DIRK, USED AT MISSOLONGHI.



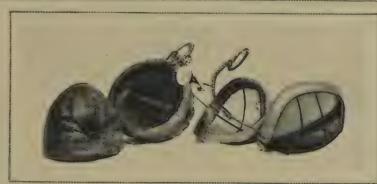
BYRON'S CAMP BED, ON WHICH HE DIED AT MISSOLONGHI ON APRIL 19, 1824: THE BED EXTENDED FROM THE TRUNK WHICH CONTAINED IT.



USED BY BYRON WHILE CAMPAIGNING IN GREECE, AGAINST THE TURKS: THE TRUNK CONTAINING HIS CAMP BED (SHOWN ABOVE).



INSURED BY MR. JOHN MURRAY FOR £1000: BYRON'S FAIR COPY OF THE FOURTH CANTO OF "CHILDE HAROLD."



SOUVENIRS OF BYRON AS A SWORDSMAN: HIS FENCING-MASK AND SINGLE-STICK GUARDS.



CONTAINING A PORTRAIT OF BYRON IN THE HELMET SHOWN ABOVE: HIS SABRETACHE (CAVALRY BELT-POCKET).

Byron and his wild career are of interest at the moment for several reasons. He was intimately associated in Italy with Shelley, whose death centenary has just been celebrated, and was present when Shelley's body, recovered from the sea, was cremated on the beach. The centenary of Byron's own death will occur on April 19, 1924. He had sailed from Genoa to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence against the Turks, and reached Missolonghi on January 4, 1924. Three months later he died there, on his camp bed, of rheumatic fever. The romantic element in Byron's life is the subject of a notable

film play just produced by British ScreenCraft, entitled "A Prince of Lovers." The scenario is by Alicia Ramsey (Mrs. Rudolph de Cordova), who adapted it from her own play. It tells the story of Byron's unhappy marriage and separation from his wife, his relations with Lady Caroline Lamb, his disgrace and exile, and his death at Missolonghi. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's recent address on Byron at Nottingham, included in his new book, "Studies in Literature—Second Series," ranks "Don Juan" as a great epic, a contention which has been strongly criticised by Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

The Best of the Book

THE THIRTEENTH MINE AND LORD KITCHENER; AND OTHER WAR CHANNEL MATTERS.*

THE author explains himself: "Lest the unwary should marvel at the title of this work, let it be known to such that 'Under the Black Ensign' is a phrase intended to embrace in one heading all those little ships of the late war Navy—destroyers, tugs, trawlers, boarding steamers, and the like. These, though officially exalted to the status of ships entitled to wear a WHITE ENSIGN, yet in practice rarely did so, but flung to the breeze a banner as BLACK and tattered as their own grubby and insignificant piratic selves."

Captain Gwatkin-Williams, digging himself out with all possible speed, found his first job as Naval

found later in Dvorovaya Bay. The big brass plate let into its head read: "Nicht offnen. Telefonbote liegen lassen! Telegrapheieren sofort liegestelle an U-bootswen, Kiel. Unterseeboot 75 hier gesunken." (Do not open. Leave telephone-buoy lying! Telegraph immediately position to U-boat's base, Kiel. Submarine 75 sunk here.)"

Still, interest was normal. "It remained until the closing months of 1921 for the full significance of this sinking of the *U 75* to become apparent. It only became so when the Germans published the full reports of the doings of their submarines. From these it was discovered that almost exactly a year previously

to the events here narrated—that is to say, in the spring of 1916—the *U 75* had laid thirteen mines off Scapa Flow. Of these, twelve were destroyed by the British sweepers, but the thirteenth, which remained undiscovered, sank H.M.S. *Hampshire* with Lord Kitchener on board."

And what the harvest of the U-boats was none know better than those who fought them and swept perilously for the mines they laid. None but a naval Verestchagin could depict it. Captain Gwatkin-Williams is a witness.

On a day of sunshine following a black, cold night, the *Tara* was making for Stranraer. ". . . We could make out through our glasses objects which we decided were rafts, spars, and smashed and overturned boats. Then suddenly we found ourselves traversing what I can only describe as a forest of dead bodies—grim, stark, bearded men, each floating upright in his life-collar, yet all dead, the water washing in and out of their mouths as the commotion caused by our bow-wave reached them. . . . Some twenty exhausted and half-frozen beings were in all picked up still alive. They were all that remained alive of the crew of the armed merchant cruiser *Bayano*, who had cleared from Liverpool the previous night with a company of some four hundred officers and men."

Then there is the East Coast in 1916. "From Felixstowe, the port of our departure, the sea was literally one great graveyard until past Yarmouth. In that space we must have passed a hundred wrecks, some of them huge vessels, many lying upon their sides on sandbanks, others just showing the tips of their masts above water. Yet, in spite of all this shipping mortality, the War Channel itself in the daytime was as crowded with moving shipping as is Piccadilly Circus with wheeled traffic."

So much for the gruesome side of the book. Turn to the light. "It was during the first year of the war that the fashion of painting bow-waves came into vogue. In itself the idea was excellent, for, properly carried out by a skilled painter, these imitation waves gave to an onlooker the impression that a ship so painted, even when stationary, was proceeding at a high rate of speed." The weakness was that scene-painters were few and that amateurs had to take a hand. A dockyard painter at Holyhead gave the *Tara* rolling billows of the Chinese school, white, massive and impressive, but a real, live, watery wave, no!

The next effort was by the Commander himself, directing a Welsh A.B. The result exceeded the most sanguine hopes. Captain Gwatkin-Williams notes:

"The ship appeared to be fairly throwing herself out of the water in an attempt to run away with herself. The optical illusion was, in fact, so good that, on our first reappearance off Tor Point, the coastguard were completely taken in by it. They are even alleged to have telegraphed up and down the coast, warning the other stations that *Tara* had gone mad; that she, in fact, was running 'amok,' and could not be stopped."

Off the Murman Coast, food was something of a trouble: to say the least of it, it was monotonous, even when Admiralty sheep were served as Acting Rabbit. Hence such amusingly elaborate *Ersatz* menus as—

HORS D'OEUVRES—Caviare (made from the roe of "Jerusalem haddock," a hideous black rock-fish with a sucker under its chin).

Soup—Mariniere (made from fish-heads and condensed milk).

GAME PIE—(made from sea-gulls and "Fanny Adams," alias tinned beef).

SALAD—(made from wild onions, sorrel, dandelions, and a celery-like herb).

ROAST PARTRIDGE—(camouflaged guillemot).

ICE PUDDING—Bombe glacée à la Yukanskie (snow, condensed milk, and tinned pineapples).

Such things lent spice to a life that would otherwise have been almost insupportable, not for lack of work, but because of lack of change.

One more quotation, and the reader must turn to the book itself, certain of enjoyment and enlightenment. Again it is a contrast. It concerns the little Arctic "lemmings"—the "lemons" of the sailors.

"A lemming is a bright, fat, cheerful little rodent, not far removed from the guinea-pig in appearance, if not by descent . . . These small animals, only slightly larger than a dormouse, appeared to be impelled by some instinct which caused them to heed no obstacles. Boldly they swam wide rivers, and countless thousands of them put out to sea and perished. . . . As for the strange migrating habits of the lemming, I inquired of the British Museum as to whether there were any accepted explanation of it. Apparently there was none. But one official, less cautious than the others, suggested that it may possibly be a relic of that dim and distant past when Europe was still joined to North America by a bridge of land passing through Iceland. In those distant epochs of the world's history, the lemming may have acquired a habit of migrating westward at certain seasons of the year, and this habit, having become an instinct, still continues, although for ages this land bridge has disappeared. Some instinct certainly does compel them to commit suicide in millions by swimming out to sea, although nowadays this instinct is apparently of no more use than the human appendix,



CHIEF BASE OF THE BRITISH ARCTIC SQUADRON: YUKANSKIE—SHOWING MINE-SWEEPING TRAWLERS, AN ARMED BOARDING-STEAMER, AND OTHER VESSELS.

Reproduced from "Under the Black Ensign," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Commander in command of the railway-steamer *Hibernia*, duly transformed into a Fleet Messenger and renamed H.M.S. *Tara*. In *Tara*'s "halls" he dwelt long enough to be proud of his work, justly, for he is able to write: "Arrived in the North Channel . . . we were the only ship on that beat; in fact, for some time we were the only ship off the west side of England with guns in her. Consequently we had no relief. . . . During the first few months of war we actually did thirteen days at sea for one day in harbour, and during the first year we steamed seventy-five thousand miles in those narrow waters—a record, I believe, not beaten by any other war-ship in the Navy."

Later, after suffering imprisonment with the Senussi of Libya and being rescued by armoured cars under the Duke of Westminster, he was the Old Man of the *Intrepid*, mother o' mine-sweepers of the Arctic Squadron, and destined to a gloriously inglorious end at Zeebrugge.

But once during his four war-years at sea did he hear a shot fired in anger, but he tells truly when he says that he who would know the world of the sea as he saw it will find recorded in his pages "both the marvellous and the merely ridiculous, yet is each incident set forth a historical and unimpeachable truth."

Certain of his points are necessarily fugitive; many will live. Take the story of *U 75*, which was responsible for the death of Lord Kitchener.

This particular "tin fish" was "put under" by the *Palmbranch* when that steamer was zigzagging her way towards the entrance to the Kola inlet at a quarter to four on the afternoon of the fourth of May 1917, her gun ready and every man at his station. The U-boat fired a torpedo and emerged, barely forty yards away on the port quarter.

"A flash, a roar, and the *Palmbranch*'s first shell struck the U-boat at the base of her conning-tower, just at the point where it joined the deck; and where it struck it tore great gaps and rents. Five seconds later and a second shell had burst on the submarine's water-line forward. Only two rounds with a small gun, but they were enough. The submarine, which appeared to be stopped, rolled slightly, then took a list, and sank vertically out of sight—never to rise again."

The importance of the "kill" was not known at the time. As the submarine sank, a conical object floated away from her. It was a buoy of the type then carried by all U-boats; fitted with a water-tight telephone by which a rescue-party might speak to the men in the sunken craft. This very buoy—all the evidence proves the accuracy of the belief—was

* "Under the Black Ensign." By Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams, C.M.G., R.N. (Hutchinson and Co.; 16s. net.)



MOTHER O' MINE-SWEEPERS: H.M.S. "INTREPID" AT YUKANSKIE.

Reproduced from "Under the Black Ensign," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

that other inconvenient relic of long-vanished ages." So to "Under the Black Ensign," one of the best records of how, courageously and cheerily, the Navy "kept on keeping on"; in fair weather and in foul, with ships top-heavy with ice, in constant danger from eggs (the mines), and mouldies (the torpedoes); ever on the wait and on the watch, calmly contemptuous of the enemy, guarding commerce and war moves, at sea all the time, protecting coastline and commerce and sweeping the waters of the War Channels, buoyed passage-ways for the ships of the Allies.

E. H. G.

TO CONCENTRATE THE STAFF: A PROPOSED NEW BANK OF ENGLAND.

DRAWING OF THE PROPOSED NEW BANK OF ENGLAND BY HERBERT BAKER, F.R.I.B.A. DRAWING OF THE PRESENT BANK BY GORDON HOME.



WITH THE PROPOSED NEW CENTRAL BUILDING RISING WITHIN THE ENCEINTE OF THE OLD WALLS: THE BANK OF ENGLAND AS IT MAY APPEAR.



SIR JOHN SOANE'S BUILDING AS IT STANDS TO-DAY: A FRONT VIEW OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The reconstruction of the Bank of England has been forced on the Court of Directors by the necessity of concentrating their staff, the majority of whom are now, owing to lack of space, working in various parts of the City. In order to preserve as far as may be the main exterior features of the Bank, it is proposed to keep the present outside walls, with as many as possible of the old rooms behind them, and within that reconstruct the entire interior in the form of a building of four or five floors. The President of the Royal Institute

of British Architects, Mr. Paul Waterhouse, consulted by the Bank authorities, has unhesitatingly pronounced that the only possible method of harmonising the artistic claims of the Bank with its present necessities is to build a central structure of the required height, surrounded by a girdle of lower buildings, comprising the existing external walls, unaltered and without any avoidable superstructure. Further, the Bank authorities consulted with Mr. Herbert Baker and Mr. F. W. Troup, and Mr. Baker has prepared the sketch reproduced above.

MUSIC AMIDST THE BEAUTY OF OLD MASTERS: THE FIRST CONCERT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

DRAWN BY OUR OFFICIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



A NEW ALLIANCE BETWEEN PAINT AND SOUND: A STRING QUARTET PLAYING IN THE DOME ROOM OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

For the first time in the history of the National Gallery, a musical performance was given in the Dome Room on July 18, when a string quartette from the Royal College of Music, by arrangement with Sir Hugh Allen, played works of Haydn and Beethoven. The innovation proved to be very popular. Although it was a "sixpenny" day, there were more visitors than are usually present on free days. Shortly before the concert began, there was a queue of people waiting outside the barriers, and the Dome Room and the adjoining galleries were filled by a large audience. On the acoustic side, the conditions were all that could be desired. If the authorities decide that the experiment was sufficiently successful to justify its repetition, further concerts will be given in the

autumn. There is doubtless a spiritual association between all forms of art, even when manifested through such different mediums as paint and sound. The music of Beethoven, for example, may induce an appropriate mood of exaltation in which to approach the pictures of Raphael or Titian. If we may judge from our artist's drawing, however, there was a tendency among those present to concentrate on one art at a time—to cease to be spectators and become an audience, rather than to enjoy looking at the pictures and listening to the music simultaneously. The situation opens up an interesting and novel enquiry into aesthetic psychology.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.)

"LITTLE STRANGERS" AT THE "ZOO": SOME CURIOUS-FOOTED AND FEATHERED BABIES BORN THERE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. D. SETH-SMITH, F.Z.S., CURATOR OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



WITH SOFT SPINES THAT HARDEN: A BABY PORCUPINE (ABOVE) AND ITS PARENTS; (BELOW) YOUNG WHITE STORKS, WITH THE LAST EGG "CHIPPING."



THE FIRST TORTOISE EVER HATCHED AT THE "ZOO": A 2-INCH-LONG BABY OF A GIANT MOTHER, WITH THE BROKEN EGG-SHELL.



SAY TO BE OVER 50 YEARS OLD; 104 LB. IN WEIGHT, AND 2 FT. 4 IN. LONG: THE MOTHER TORTOISE WITH THE BABY ON HER BACK.



BORN SINGLY, AND SOON ABLE TO TROT: A BABY GIRAFFE OF A FEW DAYS OLD, WITH ITS MOTHER.



SPOTTED ONLY DURING INFANCY, AND AFTERWARDS OF A UNIFORM TAWNY COLOUR, WITH BROWN-TIPPED TAIL: A YOUNG PUMA.



CARRIED ON THEIR MOTHER'S BACK: YOUNG BLACK-NECKED SWANS OF SOUTHERN SOUTH AMERICA.



RAPIDLY LOSING ITS STRIPES: A THREE-MONTHS-OLD MALAYAN TAPIR, WITH THE MOTHER SHOWING THE DISTINCTIVE ADULT COLORATION.



RIDING ON THEIR MOTHER, WHO CLIMBS TREES RAPIDLY THUS LOADED: YOUNG WOOLLY OPOSSUMS OF TROPICAL SOUTH AMERICA.



OF A GENUS IN WHICH THE MALE BIRD SITS ON THE EGGS: A NEWLY HATCHED CHICK OF THE RHEA (AMERICAN OSTRICH).



THE MOST HUMAN-LOOKING OF THE NEW "ZOO" BABIES: A LITTLE CAPPED LANGUR (*SEMnopithecus pileatus*) BEING NURSED BY ITS MOTHER.

The "Zoo" from time to time has interesting additions born on the premises to its large and heterogeneous family, besides those imported from abroad. The latest arrival, in the former sense, is a baby tortoise, the first ever hatched there and the first of the large land-tortoises to be bred in captivity. Its parents, specimens of the giant African Grooved Tortoise (*Testudo sulcata*) came from Kano, in Northern Nigeria, and were presented to the "Zoo" last year by the Emir of Katsina. The mother is believed to be over 50 years old; she weighs 104 lb., and measures 2 ft. 4 in. by 1 ft. 5 in. A few weeks ago she laid 42 eggs, which were placed in damp sand on hot-water pipes. Most of them proved infertile or addled, but some were promising and one hatched out on July 15. The little tortoise, at birth, was only 2 in. long, and weighed 1½ oz. It was brightly marked, the pale-brown divisions of the shield being edged with black.—There are several species of porcupines (*Hystrixidae*) all very similar in habits. They are nocturnal, and remain hidden by day. In Europe the female bears from two to four young, in a nest of leaves, grass, and root-fibres. They are born in an advanced state, with eyes open and bodies covered with soft flexible spines, that harden by exposure to the air.—The White Stork (*Ciconia alba*) is the best-known of the true storks. It

usually builds in chimneys, and returns year after year to the same place. Storks are noted for conjugal fidelity.—The Giraffe, the tallest of the mammals, produces one young one at a time, which in three days can trot beside its dam. In spite of their long necks, they have to straddle out their fore-legs to graze or drink. They breed readily in captivity.—The Puma is the largest of the American cats, and the only large unspotted representative of the genus in the Western hemisphere. Puma cubs differ greatly in colour from the adult, being marked with large blackish-brown spots and rings on the tail, which disappear when they are about six months old.—The Black-necked Swan is a native of Chile, Argentina, and other southern districts of South America.—The Rhea (American Ostrich) is remarkable for the fact that the male bird usually hatches the eggs, which may vary from 15 to 30 in a nest.—The full-grown Malayan Tapir is parti-coloured—dark-brown or black and greyish white, while the young are marked with spots and streaks, which they lose from four to six months after birth.—The Woolly Opossum hails from South America. The mother can climb trees, carrying as many as twelve young, with marvellous rapidity.—The Capped Langur is a monkey from Assam, Burmah, and neighbouring regions. We illustrated the baby seal in our issue of June 17.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE Muse of History, after a phase of crabbed precisionism, seems to have caught the infection of a dancing age. For a while back she has moved with a step so light that it seemed almost frivolous, and she has condescended once more to put on the garment of style, suspect during a rather dreary winter of critical discontent and sombre devotion to the bald fact. Before the war it seemed that Clio was becoming a harsh crone, who feared to air any graces lest she should be mistaken for a light woman. She dreaded the purple patch as much as if it had been scarlet or saffron. She cared only to be correct, and even in her most careful efforts she mistrusted herself.

There was reason for her fears. She had suffered much from high priests who had served her with charming and picturesque inaccuracy. It was not surprising that she should assume a Puritan severity. But, as usual in such reactions, she went too far. Happily, however, the balance is readjusting itself, on the whole, very satisfactorily. The picturesque has been recaptured without its old extravagances, and modern economy of words has made possible a form of historical sketch that cannot be condemned as sketchy. A new school has restored the art of being at once readable and trustworthy. If it err on the side of the sardonic, that is symptomatic of an age that has seen a general shattering of illusions and is not disposed to be very enthusiastic about anything. Whether this mood is equal to sustained effort may be doubted, but it foresees a possible new form. At present its tone is too uniformly reminiscent of Voltaire's, when he brought Admiral Byng on and off the stage with inimitable irony. That method is admirable in the single episode. Its reiteration on every page of a historical work has obvious disadvantages. But the studies at present fashionable, whatever the defect of their quality, are very welcome. Their writers are redeeming history from the cardinal sin of dulness, and if they pay the penalty of certain errors of judgment, they at any rate encourage the others.

What may be called the Voltairian method in a Lytton Strachey, becomes in another writer an elaborate extension of the after-dinner manner. To read Plato with one's feet on the fender is a time-honoured convention. To hear Thucydides discoursing with his front against the mahogany is a newer sensation. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Philip Guedalla is so brilliant and entertaining an after-dinner speaker forces the reader of his new book, "THE SECOND EMPIRE" (Constable; 16s.), to imagine that the author had been put up, as it were, to propose the toast of "Liberty, coupled with the name of Napoleon III." That is the paradoxical effect the book produces. Coruscating from one line to another, its post-prandial cleverness has one great advantage over the author's speeches: the inevitable and incessant applause does not compel Mr. Guedalla to interrupt his narrative for one moment. That is something, for the book is far more than an entertainment, and demands an attention more critical and sustained than that of the merely well-dined audience. The writer's manner may be airy; his matter is solid and well-founded. But in his use of his material he is no Vanbrugh.

Mr. Guedalla remarks that when Prince Louis Napoleon came to London in the late autumn of 1838, "he escaped by a few months the acid etching of Mr. Creevey." That may be a misfortune for posterity, but it is not irreparable; for here, etched with the deftest point, is a portrait not altogether acid. The author is alive to the absurdities of his quasi-hero, but he keeps them in their proper proportion; for the Man of the Second Empire was not wholly absurd in his queer mixture of ability with futility. His biographer accounts for him with the scientific minuteness of an age that has learned to take close account of heredity. The son of Hortense and Louis Bonaparte inherited more than the Imperial tradition of the First Consul: he succeeded to an extraordinary

faculty of self-deception. The prelude to the book, an acute study of Bonapartism, exposes with gentle irony "the scriptures of St. Helena" which were written to demonstrate, with heroic effort, that "the Emperor had been a practising nationalist," and that the Imperial Government was "a sort of Republic." If it was, says Mr. Guedalla, the secret had been admirably kept by Fouché and his police. The truth, however, slipped as usual into Gourgaud's diary, which records the Emperor's admission that in his opinion "a constitution would not suit France, which

The chapters which might have been entitled "L'Education du Prince" make a play to which that of a witty French dramatist must yield many points in comedy. A German gymnasium, Switzerland, America, London, supply a varied and ever-diverting scene. As the Pretender's destiny becomes clear to him, the comic-opera attempts to seize on power at Strasburg and Boulogne save the piece from too great seriousness. Yet the Man himself was serious and not to be put off. He had this of the Hebrew in him, that he could wait and dream, in imprisonment and exile. And at length, on December 10, 1848 (events and an inadvertent bourgeoisie having played into his hands) "the strange figure whom the world addressed indifferently as Prince, Altesse, Monsieur, Monseigneur, and Citoyen was President of the French Republic."

Content at first "to make ceremonial gestures before provincial audiences," the President made headway towards greater things. "With practice and in spite of an excellent education he was acquiring that air of happy commonplace which among public speakers distinguishes reigning princes." And so the piece moves towards December 1, 1851, when the *coup d'état* restores a Consulate that is to melt on November 21, 1852 into a more sonorously titled office. "The curtain is rung up on the gas-lit tragedy of the Second Empire."



AN AMERICAN HONOUR FOR A BRITISH EXPLORER: THE U.S. AMBASSADOR (MR. HARVEY) PRESENTING A MEDAL FROM THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY TO COLONEL SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

The presentation was made at the American Embassy on July 19. Sir Francis Younghusband has carried out many explorations in China and Central Asia, and held various high political posts. In 1903-4 he led the famous expedition to Lhasa. He is the author of "The Heart of a Continent," and is President of the Royal Geographical Society.—[Photograph by Topical.]

is an essentially monarchical country . . . there should be no legislative assembly." In the light of that exposure, the career of Napoleon III., with its odd echoes and parody of the *Idées Napoléoniennes* in theory and practice, its fearful and wonderful interpretations of its original, its dynastic flirtations with Constitutionalism, appears more than ever a theme for the laughter of the gods. Mr. Guedalla suggests

The hero appropriates the scene with a more spacious gesture and finds his leading lady. The gas-lit tragedy moves to the music of Offenbach and to the sterner music of guns beyond the frontier. There is fateful byplay in Italy and Mexico, significant work at Düppel and Sadowa, for a realist has entered and his name is Bismarck. Mr. Guedalla manages his puppet-show with infinite skill. He has the gift of remembering what a great number of people, protagonists and supers, were doing at a given moment. When Louis Philippe goes out, we catch a glimpse of Balzac exploring the Tuilleries, and a M. Baudelaire flourishing a gun. M. Victor Hugo is always round the corner, and M. Rochefort at his elbow. The men of the Third Republic glide into view as imperceptibly as Mr. Bardell glided out, and the way lies open to Sedan, Wilhelmshöhe, and Chiselhurst. Then, with a swift episode in South Africa *la commedia è finita*.

It was certainly adventurous to use the light, almost the flippant method of a recent fashion in biographical sketches as a vehicle for serious history, but Mr. Guedalla has justified his experiment. It should lead to even better things.



A GREAT EDUCATOR WHO VOICED THE PREMIER'S AMBITION: THE STATUE OF DR. T. C. EDWARDS UNVEILED AT ABERYSTWITH, WHOSE FREEDOM WAS PRESENTED TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE. Speaking at Aberystwith on July 19, Mr. Lloyd George said: "My sole ambition . . . is that expressed by the great man whose memory I have come down with you to commemorate, Thomas Charles Edwards, who once said: 'I was ambitious enough to hope that I might obtain a niche among those . . . who have served not a party, but a whole nation.'" Dr. Edwards was the first Principal of the University College of Wales at Aberystwith. In the photograph (left to right) are Sir Coscombe John (the sculptor), Mrs. Edward Davies, who unveiled the statue, and Mr. Lloyd George.—[Photograph by Topical.]

the whole traditional imposture with a single touch—

L'Empire (the words which were to be spoken by the nephew at Bordeaux were formed by the uncle at St. Helena thirty years before) *c'est la paix*.

A very enterprising publisher in his circular says, "there is no golf fiction that we are aware of." He might glance at Mr. Ian Hay, at "Sapper's" last volume of short stories, and recall one of Sir A. Conan Doyle's about a match played in the dark. His remark, curiously enough, is made to advertise a golfing novel he himself issues! Does the good easy man rule his own wares out even as he cries them?

TANKS; R.E.; THE DOVER PATROL; FRANCE'S FIRST "CASUALTY."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY B.I., C.P., ILLUS. BUREAU, FEUGÈRE, AND TOPICAL.



CLOSE TO WHERE THE FIRST BRITISH TANKS UNDERWENT THEIR "BAPTISM OF FIRE": THE TANK CORPS MEMORIAL AT POZIÈRES, UNVEILED ON JULY 22.



SHOWING THE MODEL TANKS: GENERAL SIR T. L. N. MORLAND AT THE BASE OF THE TANK MONUMENT.

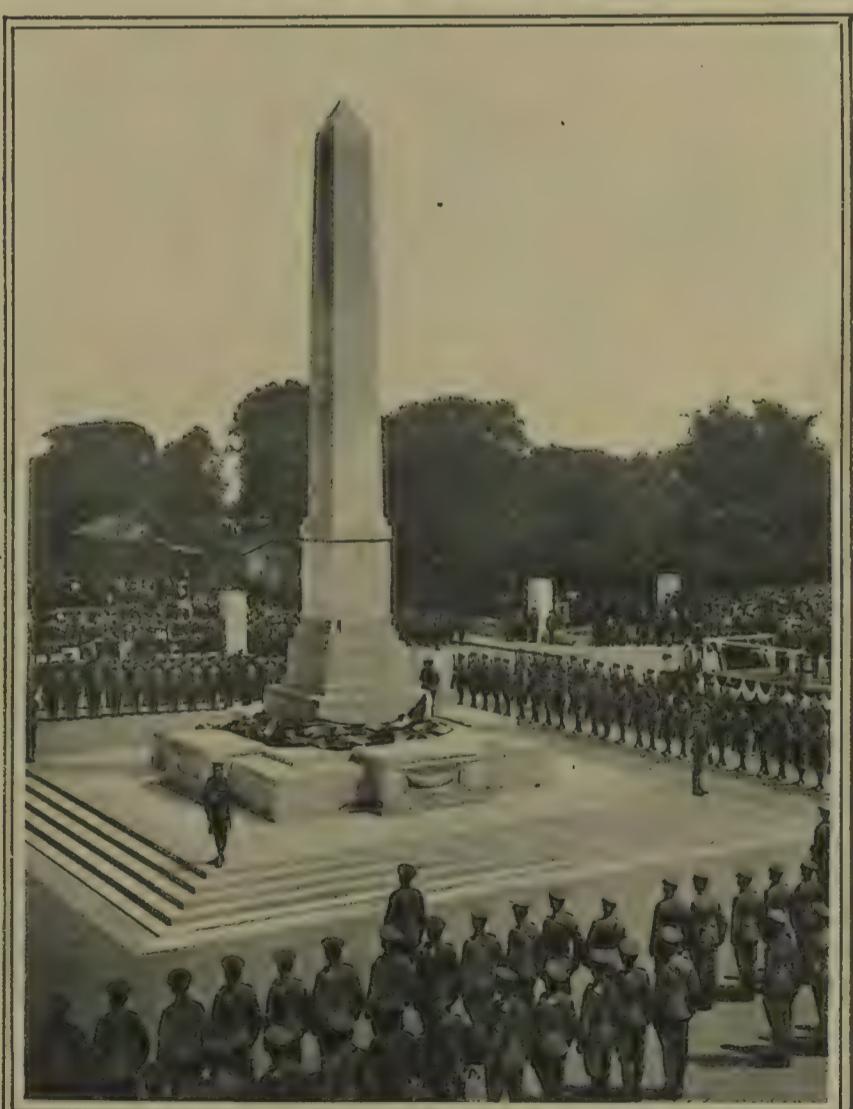


ERECTED ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE STRAITS OF DOVER, FACING THAT ON THE BRITISH SIDE, NEAR DOVER: THE MEMORIAL TO OFFICERS AND MEN, BRITISH AND FRENCH, OF THE DOVER PATROL.



IN MEMORY OF CORPORAL PEUGEOT, THE FIRST FRENCH SOLDIER TO FALL IN THE GREAT WAR: THE OBEISQUE UNVEILED BY M. POINCARÉ.

The unveiling of the Tank Corps memorial to the memory of 212 officers and 1107 men who fell in the war, took place at Pozières, in the centre of the Somme battlefield, near where the Tanks first went into action, on July 22 last. Lieut-General Sir T. L. N. Morland, representing the King, performed the ceremony. The Rev. C. R. Deane conducted the religious service.—The inauguration of the monument erected at Sangatte, on the Straits of Dover, by the Dover Patrol, to the French and British officers and men who fell in the war while on



TO LORD KITCHENER AND THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR: THE MONUMENT UNVEILED AT CHATHAM.

duty with the Patrol, took place on July 20, M. Raiberte, Minister of Marine, attending to represent the French Government.—In memory of the first man of the French Army to fall in the Great War, Corporal Peugeot, of the 5th Chasseurs à Cheval, a monument has been erected at Joncherey, near Belfort. Peugeot was killed on August 2, 1914. M. Poincaré attended to unveil the monument on July 16.—The Duke of Connaught unveiled the Royal Engineers' War Memorial at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, on July 19.

THE HOME OF AN EGYPTIAN HERMIT, EXCAVATED BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN EGYPT.

HILDA FLINDERS PETRIE.

Used by a Coptic Hermit
1200 Years Ago: An Amphora.

WHILE our excavations were being made for the British School of Archaeology in Egypt last season in some royal tombs of the First Dynasty at Abydos, other work was carried forward on the top desert in search of flints, which led to the discovery of a Coptic hermitage of the fifth or sixth century A.D.

In the early centuries, Christian recluses lived in solitude in rocky caves up the desert, or dwelt in a community in rows of caves. Monasticism, indeed, had its origin in Egypt, where pagan monks lived in retirement from the world long before the Christian Era.

It was hoped that the cavern might contain worked flints, and I tramped two of our workmen thither on Christmas Eve, and dug down along what proved to be a cross-wall of masonry, covered with earnest scribblings of pious inscriptions in Coptic, and quaint symbolic representations of birds, beasts, and crosses. That was a day of unrest in the province, we afterwards heard, but here in a desolate gorge, with only the evidences of the life of meditative devotion and simple wants supplied around one, peace reigned supreme. I dug enough to make it desirable to return, and, when the First Dynasty dig was near its end, came back with a man and two boys, and we cleared the hermitage, which I planned and copied, and then refilled for its future preservation.

This little hermitage of Abydos was in a limestone cavern, facing south, high up in a rocky wady, a mile back from the bay of the cliffs. A narrow gorge cut out in limestone, and filled with sand drift, was the desolate view seen from the hermit's doorway, which is shown in the left-hand photograph below.

The cave had been walled across the front, and divided by the inner cross-wall to separate living-room from oratory. The living-room had a long sleeping-bench, and a rock-hewn basin beside that. Facing these was an ingenious cooking-stove of limestone blocks, three feet high, square, fitted with the rim of a jar which served as the ring of the stove. The pot formed the oven, and held the charcoal replenished from the stoke-hole below. Much charcoal still remained both in the stove and also in an amphora, one of the store-jars in an adjacent larder, in a fissure west of the cave. Stoppered jars were ranged at the back of the larder on a footing of rock, and contained various remains of food. A plastered passage-way led here, separated from the bed-room floor by a low kerb. The bar slots

the food-vessels and two of the amphora, shown in the photographs above. These relics of the hermit, together with my copies of his inscriptions and plan of the hermitage, may be seen at University College, Gower Street, on July 28 and 29; hours, ten to five.

Through the inner wall of the cave-blocking, a squared doorway led into an oratory, with a shrine or altar, rock-hewn, and cupboards. Above and beside the doorway were circular windows, and in the wide splay of the lower one a figure of a saint in a tunic, and some Coptic inscriptions, were painted in red. Above this window a decorated cross was figured,

in shape, and had a shrine, or altar, eastward, and two recesses elsewhere, used as cupboards. Under the main cupboard was a painted cross, eighteen inches high, of twisted rope-pattern, two strands, with squared ends, and the letters Alpha and Omega on either side of the top. The most curious feature of the furnishing was the abundance of pegs or hooks. No less than thirty-nine pegs of flint or bone bore witness to the tidiness of the recluse. They occurred on every plain and handy part of the walls, and in neat array in a cupboard recess, like cup-hooks. In pairs, they seem to have supported a curtain over an inscription and elsewhere, and perhaps a frontal before the altar. Others were strong and placed high, as though for his cloak and flask. The roof was roughly domed and plastered, and in the centre a stout ox-bone, driven in, was still bound by a leathern thong which had served for the attachment of a lamp.

The inscriptions on the walls mention, singly, a certain Mena, which may be the hermit himself, named after the well-known saint. They were chiefly prayers, and invocations to various saints—St. Michael, Adam, St. Macarius, and others.

"Jesus Christ, remember my brother P-Hib, and Mena the little, and Dorothe the little, the sons of Papa Moses, and P-Israel the little, Jacob the little, Pemeriott, Apa Jacob the man of Tohe. Remember Mena. Amen, so be it."

There is also an inscription which, it has been suggested, may possibly have been an agraphon, or unwritten Saying of Our Lord, or it may have been merely a precept of one of the Coptic fathers: "... from evening to dawn. Do not... the little ones, lest they be confused. Do not pursue after men on account of ease, lest thy poverty be impeded. Do not judge, lest thou be judged. Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven."

The arrangement of the little cells, the successive coats of whitewashing, the disposition of the pegs and hooks, the scrupulous tidiness of the dwelling and its many amenities, give us a new conception of the daily round of the recluse of the fifth or sixth century. Slovenliness and dirt had no place in the religious life here, but cleanliness was next to godliness, and an ordered domesticity must have borne a share in little Saint Mena's piety. He was far from inspection by the world in his remote gorge, and one wonders how he was supplied with daily food and water. Lastly, one might add that he was further provided with



FOUND IN A COPTIC HERMITAGE
AT ABYDOS: AN AMPHORA.



SUPPORTED BY DOVES WITH OLIVE-BRANCHES AND HERALDIC BEASTS:
A CROSS WITH GREEK INSRIPTIONS ON THE FRONT WALL OF A COPTIC
HERMITAGE IN EGYPT (FIFTH OR SIXTH CENTURY).

The cross shown above is seen in the left-hand photograph below, above the window to the left of the door.—[Photographs by Courtesy of W. M. Flinders Petrie.]

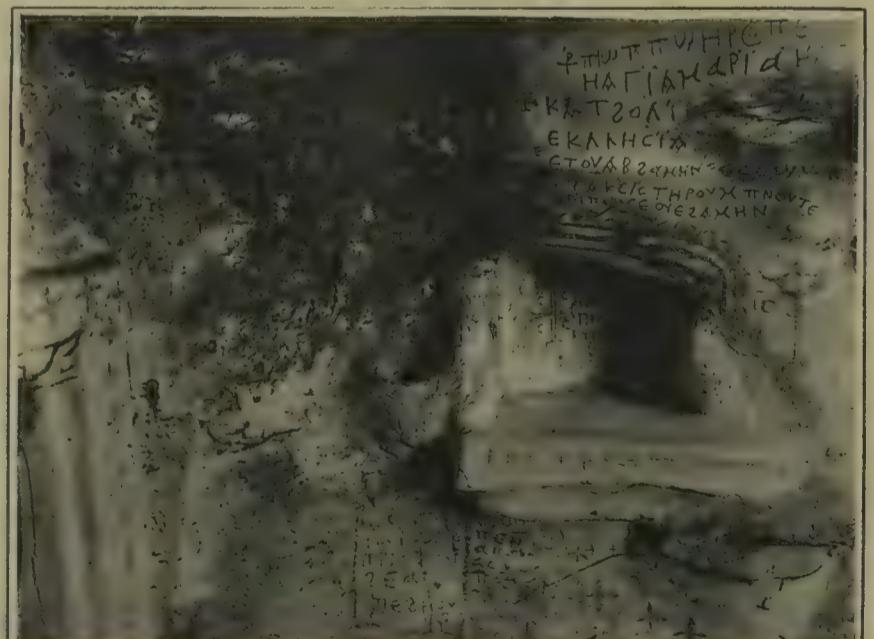
with a dove and olive-branch, and a heraldic beast on either side of it, the dove of the Holy Spirit with cross on head above, and "Holy Trinity, Holy Mary, Jesus the Christ" under it. Just inside the door a ledge had been provided in the plastering, on which a bird might build, and here the nest of thirteen centuries ago still remained in place, within a few inches of the window through which the swallow gained access: "Yea, the swallow hath found a nest for herself where she may lay her young," and it was even beside the altar. On the western half of the wall was a strange scene of palm-trees and pinnacles, with inscriptions. Beside the oratory door, a lamp recess



SHOWING THE CROSS (ILLUSTRATED ABOVE) OVER THE WINDOW ON THE LEFT,
AND THE LAMP RECESS (SEE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH) TO THE RIGHT OF THE
DOOR: THE FRONT OF THE HERMITAGE.

of the larder doorway showed that the recluse had recourse to barricading, to preserve himself and his provisions, when wild beasts grew importunate.

East of the living-room, a hollow in the rock provided a storm-kitchen sheltered from the wind, and here the cooking-vessels—a blackened cooking-pot, its cover, and a pottery soup-ladle—were neatly ranged, upside down, on the floor. I also found the hermit's whisk or brush of palm-fibre, as well as



SHOWING THE INITIALS IC (JESUS CHRIST) AND (ABOVE) INSCRIPTIONS NAMING
THE FATHER, SON, HOLY SPIRIT, HOLY MARY, AND HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH:
THE LAMP RECESS BESIDE THE HERMITAGE DOOR.

was hewn, with various inscriptions above, below, and within. On the south side of the lamp recess (right), a lamp on a stand is depicted with the word IC—i.e., Jesus—beside it, in the usual red paint. The inscription above it names the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, the Holy Mary, and the Holy Catholic Church. Small black crosses, rudely painted, abound. This lamp-recess is well screened from the wind. The inner room, or oratory, was irregularly pentagonal

access to the plateau above him. Coasting along the foot of the cliff to the east of his cave, there still remains a narrow way which led to the upper desert above his roof level, by a rocky ascent partly built up as a stairway, with a retaining-wall above, and this was probably his daily haunt. Here the little level tongues of desert, flint-covered, run back between the various wadys to join the great plateau of the upper desert stretching to the Libyan wilds.

ALEXANDER "ASSUMES THE GOD": A NEW NATIONAL ART TREASURE.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE treasures of the British Museum have just been enriched by a gift from the National Art-Collections Fund, a fine bronze statuette of Alexander the Great, of ancient Greek workmanship, bought at the recent Fouquet sale in Paris. Its former owner, the late Dr. Fouquet, was a French physician practising in Cairo who formed a notable collection of Greek bronzes. The statuette, illustrated here in its actual size, about one foot high, represents Alexander, with his lion-like mane of hair, clad in a Macedonian chlamys (cloak) wrought in the form of the divine ægis,

[Continued opposite.]

[Continued.]
the terror-striking attribute of Zeus, king of gods, and his daughter Athena. It is covered with leather-like scales and fringed with serpents' heads, while on the left breast is the Gorgon's head, fabled to turn those who gazed thereon to stone. The wearing of the ægis suggests the divine parentage ascribed to Alexander, who was said to be the son of Zeus and Olympias. Dryden alludes to the legend of the great Macedonian leader's origin in his poem "Alexander's Feast," where the conqueror "assumes the god, affects to nod, and seems to shake the spheres."

WHERE THE ACOUSTICS ARE CHALLENGED: THE L.C.C.'S NEW CHAMBER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



LONDON'S REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION: A SITTING IN THE COUNTY HALL.

Seated in their chairs on the rostrum are seen (top row; left to right) : Mr. H. C. Gooch, J.P. (Vice-Chairman); Mr. F. R. Anderton, M.A., J.P. (Chairman); Miss H. Adler, J.P. (Vice-Chairman).

MUR. F. R. ANDERTON succeeded Major Sir Percy Simmons as Chairman of the L.C.C. on the election of the present, the eleventh, Council, in March of this year. During the previous Council he held the office of Vice-Chairman, and is the first occupant of the Chair in the new County Hall. He sits for South Hammersmith, as a Municipal Reformer. The present Vice-Chairman, Mr. H. C. Gooch, who sits for Dulwich, and Miss Henrietta Adler, the Deputy Chairman, one of the members for South Hackney, assumed office at the same time. On the occasion of the opening of the County Hall by the King on July 17, her Majesty the Queen heartily shook hands with Miss Adler and congratulated her on the important position she holds. Sir James Bird has been Clerk of the London County Council since 1915. He is a veteran among the municipal hierarchy of the Metropolis, having first entered the service in 1881, forty-one years ago, on the staff of the Metropolitan Board of Works. He passed to the L.C.C. in 1889, in the first year of its existence.



THE LEADERS OF LONDON'S REPRESENTATIVES: CHAIRMAN, VICE-CHAIRMAN, AND DEPUTY CHAIRMAN.

The Council Chamber of the County Hall is approximately octagonal in shape, and provides seating accommodation for two hundred members. That allows for an increased representation in future years. At the present time the Council comprises 145 members in all: a chairman; twenty aldermen (elected for six years, half the number retiring every three years at every election of a new Council), and 124 councillors. The Council Chamber has four galleries, one of which,

situated at the back of the Chairman's rostrum, is the Press Gallery. The other three galleries are for the accommodation of the general public, and will hold 150 people comfortably. The seats and desks of the councillors are arranged in tiers, sloping gradually down towards the well of the Chamber. Certain acoustic difficulties have yet to be overcome apparently; members of the Council and Press representatives finding it hard to hear what is being said during discussions.

Seated below the Chairman, Vice, and Deputy are seen (left to right) : Mr. D. P. Andrews (Solicitor to the L.C.C.); Mr. M. H. Cox, LL.B. (Deputy Clerk, L.C.C.); Sir James Bird, J.P. (Clerk of the Council); Mr. A. P. Comyns, M.C.; and Mr. J. H. Wise.

THE chairs on the rostrum, on which are seen seated the Chairman, together with the Vice-Chairman and the Deputy Chairman, have an interesting story attached to them. They include, in the framework of each, portions of black oak from a primæval forest of Middlesex which has been variously estimated at from two thousand to four thousand years old. Some years ago, during excavations for the Hampstead-Highgate tube railway, progress was suddenly barred by an obstruction. It proved to be the trunk of an ancient oak-tree of prehistoric ages. Part of it was set aside for use in connection with the new County Hall (then building), and portions of it have been sawn up and used in the rostrum seats. The Council Chamber itself is in appearance well worthy of the King's eulogium : " This noble Hall, the seat of the government of London," were his Majesty's words. Fifty-five feet high, it has a dado of green-grey Cipollino marble from the Ægean island of Eubœa.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE London season is now a thing of the past, but London is still very full. Wherever one goes the accents of America and the language of other countries reach our ears. The visitors are not rich people over to make a splash and to enjoy social success. They are the people who have saved up for holidays, and want to get the best possible value for their savings. They are intelligent folk, and

Napoleonic wars. Then there are historical treasures in the house, and these make special appeal to the Queen, who loves history, and has always been specially keen about that of her own country. The Queen is occupying a fine suite, the sitting-room being hung with very fine tapestry; and the furniture of the whole of the State rooms, now used by their Majesties, is remarkably fine, some of it being of the best French periods. If so minded, the Queen can breakfast from the service used by Napoleon on the morning previous to Waterloo. Her Majesty, one believes, prefers reminiscences of peace rather than war. Yet always the one waits upon the other. The King and Queen are probably intending a visit to the King Edward VII. Sanatorium at Fernhurst, an easy motor drive from Goodwood. It has connection with the wedding which recently excited us all so much, for Lady Louis Mountbatten's grandfather, the late Sir Ernest Cassel, gave the money to build and endow it.

I believe that the Ashley and Cassel families were more amused than annoyed by the way London was placarded with "Richest Girl" as a description of Lord Louis Mountbatten's bride. Lord Louis himself, full of fun and spirits as he usually is, could not appreciate the joke. He knows that his wife's other qualities are far in advance of her wealth, which has been very greatly exaggerated. An heiress she is, of course, but not to the extent advertised. I have never seen a young couple look happier than that handsome pair on their wedding day. What was quite nice to witness, too, was the Queen's affectionate care of Queen Alexandra, whose hand she held and to whom she spoke brightly from time to time as the royal party

waited in the enclosure outside the church until the Bluejackets had drawn the bridal couple's car away. The two Queens at this juncture spoke to and shook hands with all the bridesmaids, some of whom half knelt to kiss their Majesties' hands. The Prince of Wales was without his cocked hat as he stood waiting. Something of his care-free boyhood has gone from the expression of his face, but has left it charming and love-compelling as ever. Technically, if such a word may be used in connection with looks, Prince George is the handsomest of the King's sons, and he looks a real breezy sailor too.

The Prince of Wales spent last week-end at Sutton Place as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, whom his Royal Highness greatly likes, repeating at least two generations of royal friendships with the ducal family. There was a farewell to the season dance on Friday night, when a number of guests motored down to the fine old Tudor house. Some of the Prince's holiday will be spent with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland in the Highlands. He stayed with them up there last autumn longer than was generally known, and immensely enjoyed the quiet, the freedom, the sport, and the fine air. The shooting lodge, at which much time was spent, is very remote, very beautiful, and excellent for sport. It is about twenty-five miles from Dunrobin, and is beautifully situated on a lough and among mountains. The Prince could have no better place for the quiet and fine air and recreation of which he must stand greatly in need.



FOR THE JEUNE FILLE AND HER ELDER SISTER.

Very youthful is the dress of melon-coloured crêpe romaine on the left. Its only adornment is the bizarre embroidery on its wide sleeves. The other frock is of black crêpe marocain with jet embroideries on its voluminous sleeves.

worth showing civility and courtesy to, if only because they are intensely appreciative. The coinage here is a great stumbling block to them, but one which a little help soon gets them over. They are delighted with London and its inhabitants, and the river, which to them is quite a toy waterway, gives them the keenest pleasure; they talk of it as bottled beauty!

The visit of the Queen to Goodwood will make that meeting more popular than usual. The prettiest course in England, and, I think, the only one privately owned, it has charms all its own. Women especially love Goodwood, and, given good weather, wear their very prettiest clothes there. Last year on Gold Cup Day there was an influx of visitors more in quantity than nice in quality. They rushed the garden seats and chairs to the right of the Grand Stand, which for years and years have been reserved by privilege, simply by placing the occupants' cards on them. Several gaudily attired ladies took possession of one reserved for a well-known Peeress. When she came to her seat she very quietly told the occupants that it was hers and pointed to the card on the back. "We have only your word for that," was the insolent reply, and away went the Peeress. A man near by, seeing what had happened, brought up one in authority, who gave the loud-voiced gaudy ones the choice of vacating the seat or being handed over to the police. They chose the first, but burst into lurid invective, which proved them to be real "lydies," but anything rather than nice women. The same kind of thing happened frequently, so I imagine that this year the reserved chairs will be properly superintended.

The Queen will enjoy Goodwood House, although this is not her first visit there, though possibly the first as Queen. It is charmingly situated in the lovely Park, which this year is in great beauty. It was parched and dry for last year's meeting. There are many rare features about the house, none more remarkable than the dining-room, in Egyptian style, and panelled in rare marbles and fitted in bronze. The verandah and grounds are reached from it by French windows; it was built after the

The Household Brigade Regatta, one of the last events of the season, was one of the cheeriest. It was accorded a perfect day, and the Brigade Boat Club is delightfully situated and very charming. One of the regimental bands played, the uniforms making an effective splash of colour amid the lovely sylvan surroundings. Pretty girls and women in delicate-hued dresses carrying brilliant sunshades, brightly covered cushions in garden chairs and punts gave a gay and festive look to a charming scene. It is much of a big family outing, and finishes with many dinner parties in the Club House and sitting out after on the lawn by the lovely offshoot of dear old Father Thames on which it is situated. The soldier men do not seem familiar in our sight clad in shorts and rowing jerseys, but they do enjoy themselves, and their blue serge waistcoats and coats with the gilt club buttons are quite attractive.

Writing of garden chairs makes me think how comfortable and how lasting are those supplied by the Dryad works, B Dept., at Leicester. Once one has become accustomed to their chairs or settees, all others seem less desirable. They are made with cane, and therefore wear well, and always look well, but the real attraction is in their comfort. Whoever designs these chairs and seats must have studied anatomy, for they give the greatest rest just where one most wants it.

Those who have been pleasure-seeking for the last three months are really more in need of a holiday than those whose working hours are more restricted, for pleasure-seekers are at it from morn till night, and often from night till morning. Therefore, the greatest pleasure of all is getting back nearer to nature. Some there are who cannot bear to leave the madding crowd. They will travel in trains and boats with masses of their fellows, and enjoy it far more than the finest of prospects by sea or by land, with only a modicum of humanity about. A great boon to those who take this kind of holiday, or who have to be about among their kind, are Allenbury's Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. They are



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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BY J. T. GREIN.

PLAYGOERS.—(Concluded.)

HAVING dealt with the "critical playgoer," the "hail-fellow-well-met" and the "deadhead," I come now to my final type—the type which in my opening article I classified as the "digestive playgoer." The "digestive playgoer" is, beyond question, a sad dog withal! He thinks dinner to be more important than the play. He is always late; he disturbs everybody in the house; he does not say, "I beg your pardon." And when the digestive playgoer is feminine in gender, she invariably expects you to get up as she passes, whilst she, when you wish to get out in the *entr'acte*, prefers to put you into the most awkward position rather than simply to lift for one moment her movable seat.

The digestive playgoer is to be found comfortably ensconced in the stalls, in the boxes, and in the front rows of the dress circle. He is in the habit of passing loud remarks, not only about what is going on on the stage, but about the dress of the ladies on his own side of the footlights; indeed, he delights in making enquiries of a personal nature in distinctly audible tones—as, "Who is that man with the striking nose in the first tier of boxes?" or "Who is the stout lady with the green aigrette?"

At what theatre will you find the "digestive playgoer" in the greatest abundance? At the Gaiety, I think; though large numbers are always to be seen at all musical comedies and revues. As far as the male variety is concerned, he considers himself a supreme judge of limbs and arms and faces, and female beauty in general; while as for the female variety, she shows an almost unnaturally keen perception of jokes with no meaning at all—or, as Pinero has it, with a double one.

The "digestive playgoer" thinks the elevation of the drama "and all that" (except in so far as petticoats are concerned) rather unnecessary—would,

in fact, prefer to see it lowered, if it would show us some more pretty necks, etc., etc.; feels generally bored by intellectual plays; goes to see Ibsen because it is fashionable (and it really does seem to be fashionable nowadays) and laughs loudly at every line he does not understand; does not care what play or players are like, so long as he has a good comfortable seat; may (or may not) in ordinary life be a person of high intellectual attainments, but sinks in the

Perhaps you will urge that my opinion of playgoers as a whole is, judged by the articles which I have been writing, inclined to be over-stern. Well, if, as the quintessence of my remarks, you would prefer that, on the whole, my opinion of the average British playgoer is not highly enthusiastic, I shall offer no contradiction.

Years of constant attendance at all the London playhouses have convinced me that the great element which may raise art, which may make art great—I mean the playgoer who loves the theatre not merely as a recreation ground, but because it stimulates his imagination, teaches him to think, teaches him to cultivate his sense of the beautiful—this element is, unfortunately, not as large as one would wish.

In short, the theatre in England is not yet, as it is in France, a necessity of life—an ethical force. Of course, during the last ten years progress has been rapid, and newspapers which formerly treated the theatre with niggardly respect have begun at last to see that its influence, far from being baneful, is beneficial and refreshing; with the gratifying effect that the Press in peace-time gives *nearly* as much space to the description of a first night as to the report of a prize-fight.

That is a healthy sign of the times—but it is not enough. What we who wield the pen should like to impress upon our people before everything is this: that if out-door exercise is a healthy sport for the

body, a good play, well performed, is not less good sport for the mind.

If we can only succeed in making this go down with the crowd, if we can only succeed in converting those bigoted antagonists of the theatre who still fight against it in ignorance, then, no doubt, the quality of the playgoing public will steadily improve, and the theatre will, in the fulness of time, become in England what it is in every other country in the world—a *national institution*.



HONOURING HEROES OF JOHN BUNYAN'S TOWN: THE UNVEILING OF THE BEDFORD WAR MEMORIAL.

The Bedford War Memorial was unveiled on July 20 by Lieut.-Colonel S. H. Whitbread, Lord Lieutenant of the County and President of its Territorial Force Association. He is seen in the photograph pulling the cords which removed the flag. The Memorial was dedicated by the Bishop of St. Albans.

Photograph by Topical.

theatre into a mere mass of inanity, whose manners, in spite of gorgeous dress and refined appearance, frequently violate the canons of good taste.

I may seem unnaturally hard on "digestive playgoers," but I do not for a moment think that I exaggerate. Again and again it has been my lot to sit in their very midst, and heaven only knows how much of my pleasure they have spoilt by their cackle and by the flippant remarks with which they have condemned or ridiculed efforts of undoubtedly the most earnest intention.



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THE TALKING MACHINE.

THE QUESTION OF NEEDLES.

COMPARATIVELY few gramophonists pay much attention to what is, perhaps, the most important part of their outfit, the reproducing point—of vital importance, because a bad point not only ruins the



A CROSS SECTION (TOP) AND PLAN (BELOW), HIGHLY MAGNIFIED, OF AN ACTUAL GRAMOPHONE RECORD, SHOWING GROOVES AND SOUND-WAVES.

reproduction, but can also go a long way towards spoiling the record.

A record groove is a very tiny affair indeed, and in the "needle-cut" or gramophone record, the sound-waves are recorded on the walls of the grooves. The bed of the groove is even throughout, and merely serves as a support for the point of the needle. The oscillation of the needle running between the walls of the record groove reproduces the identical vibrations that originally made the sound-waves on the record, and these are translated again into sound by means of the diaphragm of the sound-box, while the amplifying horn (internal or external) gives the correct degree of tone required.

It will be seen that the polished sides of the needle take up the sound-waves from the record. Now, as the needle-point wears against the bed, or floor, of the groove, so it lets down the body of the needle. If this action be allowed to go on unchecked, it reaches a point when, so to speak, there is no point, for it has been worn right away, and the shoulders of the needle are resting heavily on the edges of the grooves. This forces the grooves apart, and so distorts the sound-waves that another good record "goes west."

By far the safest plan is to change the needle for each record, for needles are cheap, while records are not. This explanation, while not being exactly news to many, may clear up any lingering doubts that the "change for each record" rule is made by the manufacturers in order to increase the sales of their needles. Indeed, there are now semi-permanent needles fitted with a hard-wearing filament of a constant diameter.

Still another type of reproducing point is the fibre needle, which is made of compressed cane fibre. A special cutter is obtainable, and these needles can be re-pointed again and again. They cannot harm the record, and their only drawback to general use is their softness of tone. There is practically no surface scratch, however, and for playing when you are "all alone by yourself" they are to be recommended. Fibre needles are triangular in shape, and unless the needle socket of a sound-box is made to take them, a three-cornered cut must be made, which is a very simple matter for your dealer to get done for you.

A correspondent has asked what is the cause of some of his records wavering in pitch, alternately above and below. The trouble is caused through the slight warping of the record, and is attributable to improper storage. Place the warped record on a perfectly flat surface, and then weigh down evenly—some more records will do. If this is done in a fairly warm room, the record will soon resume the normal.

The July "His Master's Voice" list contains some notable additions to recorded music. Pride of place must be given to the really wonderful rendering by the late Enrico Caruso of "Ombra mai fu," the famous Largo from Handel's otherwise forgotten opera "Xerxes." Like most Caruso records, it is very powerful, and a half-tone needle may be necessary for playing in the average room.

Chaliapine gives us a great example of interpretation in Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba." We have heard so much of him in music of a comparatively modern school that his singing of the classics is of much interest. In this record he proves that he is equally fine in both. Destinn gives us the beautiful "Airis der Lisa" from the "Pique Dame" of Tchaikovsky—a lovely piece of emotional singing; and Hempel and Amato are heard in one of the most

dramatic duets from "Rigoletto," "Figlia! Mio Padre." Rosina Buckman's contributions are two dainty ballads—Quilter's "A Fairy Lullaby" and Stanford's "Cuttin' Rushes"; and Peter Dawson uses his fine voice to good advantage in two of Vaughan Williams's songs, "Silent Noon" and "Bright is the Ring of Words," the latter being from his "Songs of Travel." Mention must also be made of two very lovely madrigals by The English Singers.

The orchestral selections do not include any really big works. The Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens, plays "Dubinushka," by Rimsky-Korsakov, and Scriabin's beautiful "Reverie." Albert Coates, conducting the Symphony Orchestra, gives an effective rendering of Liadov's "Kikimora," familiarised by the Russian Ballet, and a perfect piece of recording is the orchestral version of "The Golliwog's Cakewalk," from Debussy's "Children's Corner." Jacques Thibaud and Isolde Menges contribute to the violin section, and Irene Scharrer's fine playing of the "Rustle of Spring," by Sinding, will be widely welcomed.

STYLUS.



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			For 3, 4, 8 or 15 days.
Saturday		a.m. p.m. 10.40 2.30	THE MIDLANDS:—Leicester, 18/9; Derby, 24/9; Buxton, 31/9; Burton-on-Trent, 23/9; Loughborough, 21/6; Matlock, 28/-, etc.
			At 3.0 p.m. to Northampton, 12/6.
			Nottingham, 24/-; Chesterfield, 28/3; Bedford, 10/-; Mansfield, 26/6, etc.
Aug. 5th.		a.m. p.m. 10.30 3.0	At 2.30 p.m. to Kettering, 13/9; Market Harborough, 16/-; and Wellington, 12/6.
			LANCASHIRE:—Manchester, 36/3; Liverpool, 38/6; Warrington, 35/6; Southport, 41/3; Stockport, 35/6, etc.
			Also at 10.40 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. to Morecambe, 45/6; Lancaster, 44/9.
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WEEK-END TICKETS from Victoria, London Bridge, and certain suburban stations, by all trains every Saturday, returning Sunday or Monday.

DAY EXCURSIONS from Victoria, London Bridge, and certain suburban stations, by specified trains on Aug. 5, 6, and 7.

4, 8 or 15 Days' Week-End.	From Victoria, Clapham Junction, East Croydon, &c.	Days' Fares Aug. 5, 6 & 7
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
10 0	10 0	BRIGHTON
10 0	10 0	HOVE
11 9	11 9	WORTHING
11 6	11 6	SEAFOARD
11 3	11 3	EASTBOURNE
11 6	11 6	BEXHILL
11 6	11 6	ST. LEONARDS (MAE.)
11 9	11 9	HASTINGS
N	9 9	PULBOROUGH
N	10 9	AMBERLEY
N	11 6	ARUNDEL
12 0	12 0	LITTLEHAMPTON
13 0	13 0	BOGNOR
13 9	13 9	RAYLING ISLAND
14 3	14 3	SOUTHSEA
17 3	17 3	RYDE ESPLANADE
22 6	22 6	ISLE OF WIGHT

B—Not to Seaford on Saturday, Aug. 5.

C—Sunday, Aug. 6, only to Pulborough and Amberley.

D—Not to Southsea on Sunday, Aug. 6.

N—No bookings.

In most cases the fares from Suburban Stations are slightly cheaper than those shown above.

For full particulars see special programmes.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Air Race for the Schneider Cup. This year's race for the Schneider Cup will be flown at Naples on Aug. 12. It is open to flying boats and seaplanes of any nationality. The conditions for this race are different to any other racing competition, as, in addition to fastest time over the

magistrates on the charge of driving to the public danger. The allegation of the prosecution was that the defendant was driving at an excessive speed, and, after running over a dog which was in the middle of the road, drove on without stopping. Three witnesses were, however, called on behalf of the defence, to establish the facts (a) that the dog was seen by the defendant; (b) that the speed of the car was then slackened; (c) that the horn was sounded; (d) that the dog ran under the car when level with it; and (e) that one of the occupants of the car informed the driver that the dog was not injured and had run away, which was the reason the car did not stop. After hearing the evidence of both sides, the magistrates at the Quarter Sessions decided in favour of the appellant, and quashed the conviction.

the 74 traffic stops. It might be supposed that a special top gear would be necessary for the occasion; but the R.A.C. certificate states that the gear ratio was 4½ to 1, which is not unusual, and, in order to show that the gear used in the trial was a suitable one for ordinary use, the trial was extended to include a test of the maximum speed of the car on Brooklands track. There the highest speed attained over the flying half-mile was 55½ miles per hour, while the car attained an average speed over 11 miles of 54 miles per hour. As a further test of the flexibility of the engine was desired, the car was made to run so slowly on top gear that a man on foot walking at a moderate pace was able to maintain the same speed. That this performance was not aided by manipulation of the clutch is clear by the fact that the pedestrian was the driver, who vacated his seat and walked beside the car. Another interesting point is brought out in the R.A.C. certificate, namely, that at 20 miles per hour on top gear, the engine was making 1173 revolutions per minute.

[Continued overleaf.]



REPRESENTING TWO DECADES OF PROGRESS IN MOTOR DESIGN: AN INTERESTING GROUP OF LANCHESTER CARS AT BROOKLANDS.

These three Lanchester cars afford a striking illustration of twenty years' progress in design. That on the right is a 12½-h.p. model of 1901; in the centre is a 25-h.p. car of 1911; and on the left a 40-h.p. model of 1921.

course—a distance of roughly 200 nautical miles—the machines have to be tested for seaworthiness, and have to ride at anchor on the water for six hours without attention.

The race was instituted in 1913, when France secured the trophy at Monaco, and in 1914 Mr. Howard Pixton, on a Sopwith seaplane, won the cup for Great Britain. For the last two years there has been no challenge from Great Britain, and Italy has won it on each occasion; but this year Britain is sending a challenger, and the Royal Aero Club has selected a supermarine flying boat, built by the Supermarine Aviation Works, Limited, of Southampton, fitted with a 450-h.p. Napier aero engine.

The other countries competing are France and Italy.

Successful Devonshire Appeal. At the Devon Quarter Sessions just held, the Automobile Association supported an appeal against the conviction of Viscount de Barbe by the Paignton

showed the elasticity and efficiency that has been attained in the modern small engine as fitted to the light car. It is difficult to imagine a route providing such varying conditions of London traffic as that over which this trial took place, namely, from St. James's Street, through the Strand, Cannon Street, Fenchurch Street, Whitechapel Road, and Mile End Road, a distance of 11.6 miles for the double journey, which was travelled five times. The "A.C." car, weighing, with its driver and passengers, just over a ton, made these journeys on top gear throughout, even starting away on top gear from



WITH THE ROLLS-ROYCE GIVEN HIM BY HIS BRIDE AS A WEDDING PRESENT: LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND HIS CAR.

Lord Louis Mountbatten, who married Miss Edwina Ashley on July 18, received from her as a wedding gift the Rolls-Royce car shown in our photograph. Like all Naval officers, he is keenly interested in mechanics.

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Continued.
while at 55 miles per hour on the track the revolutions were 3226 per minute.

Why Not Road-Racing in England? More than once in these notes I have propounded the question which heads this paragraph. I see now that the *Motor* has taken up the matter, and puts the very same query. It takes hold of my suggestion made in *The Illustrated London News* of June 17 last, that it is quite possible to find a circuit in England to replace that in the Isle of Man, and suggests it could be done. I am very much of the opinion that it could, if only the R.A.C. would really interest itself seriously to secure the necessary permission from Parliament and the local authorities concerned. It seems foolish that we should have to go all the way to the Island to hold races that could just as well be run nearer home. The distance and the inconvenience of travelling render it quite out of the question that the Manx Week can ever become the popular affair it undoubtedly would if the races were held, let us say, on Salisbury Plain. One has only to attend one or two of the big hill-climbs to realise that motor speed events on the road exercise an extraordinary fascination, and I am certain that a big road race near home would attract tens of thousands of people, and would do no end of good to motoring and the motor industry.

A Royal Appointment. Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd., have been appointed Car Manufacturers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. This tribute to a very fine British car will be noted with interest by the motoring public.

A Stratton-Instone Note. An unusually fine range of Daimler and B.S.A. cars, comprising over a dozen different styles of coach-work, many of exclusive design and equipment, are at present on view at the show-rooms of Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., 27, Pall Mall, S.W.1, constituting what is probably the most comprehensive display of Daimler productions that has ever been shown under one roof in London. The models range from the twin air-cooled B.S.A. two-seaters to luxuriously appointed limousines mounted on 45-h.p. Daimler chassis, and include a specially noteworthy form of coupé that has just recently been introduced.

RELICS OF A PREHISTORIC MONSTER THAT ONCE ROAMED ENGLAND: A MAMMOTH'S SIX-FOOT TUSK UNEARTHED AT SUDBURY.

Workmen recently found this mammoth's tusk in Brundon Gravel Pit, Sudbury, Suffolk, while excavating gravel for road material. It is 6 ft. 4 in. long and 15 in. round at the base, and is in excellent preservation. Many remains of mammoths, an extinct type of hairy elephant, have been discovered in Siberia, also throughout Europe and North America.—[Photograph supplied by the "East Anglian Daily Times."]

ton on Fridays throughout the summer months, will run on Aug. 4, and, in addition to eight or fifteen days' bookings, will give passengers the facility of a short period return covering the holiday. Special excursions have also been arranged for short and long periods to leave Paddington on Aug. 5 for Somerset, Devonshire, South Wales, and elsewhere. Many day trips will leave Paddington on Aug. 5, 6, 7, and 8 for Thames riverside resorts, Burnham Beeches, and other places near London.

After a succession of winters spent on the Riviera, many people will doubtless be interested in

a delightful alternative—a *tour de luxe* to the beauty spots of the world. Such a tour is scheduled to leave England on Nov. 3 by the P. and O. liner *Naldera*. This party will be accompanied by Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S. (Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2), on whose experience the tour is based, and he will be pleased to supply further information. Half the charm of such a tour is to feel that one is free from the care and responsibility of making one's own arrangements.

This year the exodus to the North for the grouse-shooting season has received the most careful consideration of the London and North-Western Railway Company, who are offering a new feature in connection with their sleeping-car service. Hitherto, passengers for the Highlands, leaving Euston at 7.30 p.m. have found that this departure time has necessitated an early evening meal in town. With a view to eliminating this disadvantage, the company have introduced a dining-car on this train, which serves the Highlands, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and Oban, and dinner is served between Euston and Crewe. Further special sleeping-car trains have been arranged. On these special sleeping-car trains accommodation is also provided for ordinary passengers; and to ensure for them a comfortable journey arrangements have been made for the reserving of seats. Passengers wishing to take advantage of this arrangement are advised to write or 'phone to the station-master at Euston. The demand for sleeping-berth accommodation in connection with the shooting season will be very heavy, and readers are advised to secure their sleeping-berths as early

The day service to Scotland by and North-Western Railway, on which are provided luncheon, tea, and dining cars, leaves Euston at 10 a.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, and Aberdeen, and at 1.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

Norway has attractions for the traveller in pursuit of fine scenery amidst agreeable climatic conditions—attractions which are having their influence upon the American tourist. The Orient liner *Osterley*, with a shipload of pleasure-seeking citizens of the United States, has just arrived at Hammerfest for a cruise in

[Continued overleaf.]



RELICS OF A PREHISTORIC MONSTER THAT ONCE ROAMED ENGLAND: A MAMMOTH'S SIX-FOOT TUSK UNEARTHED AT SUDBURY.

FIAT

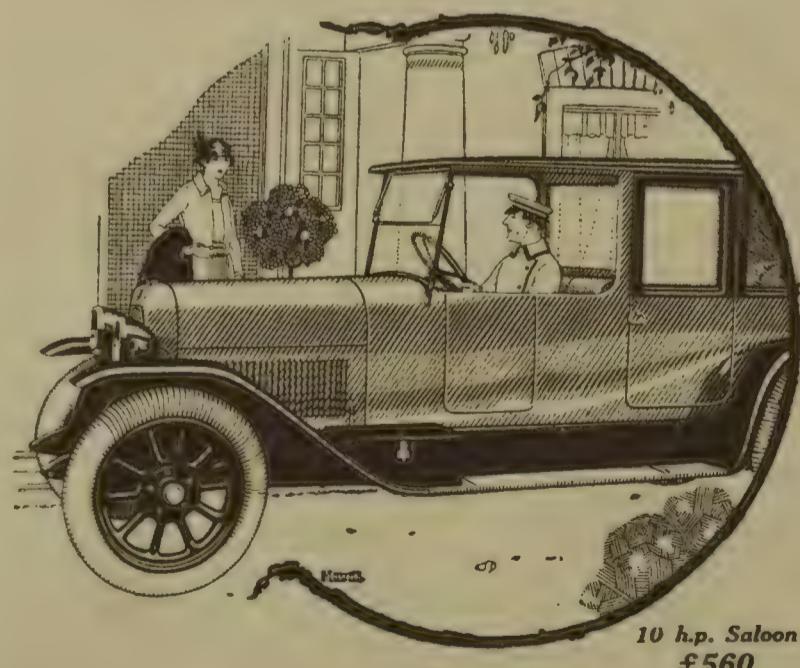
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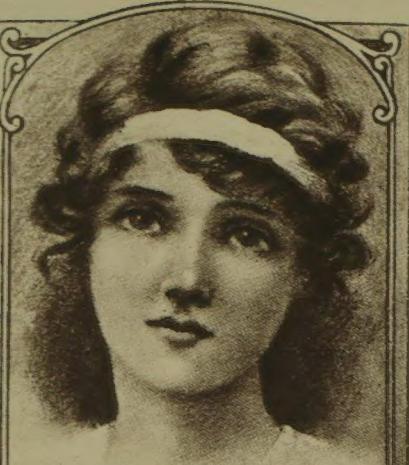
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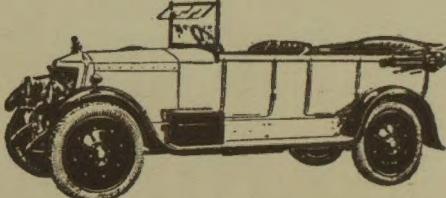
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Continued. Norway's entrancing fjords. On the conclusion of this trip the *Osterley* will make three trips from Grimsby (Immingham Dock) during August and September. Each cruise will last thirteen days, the principal fjords will be visited, and there will be attractive shore and overland excursions. Cruising in Norwegian fjords on a first-class ocean liner is a very pleasant revelation to those who have not yet tried it. A full and illustrated programme of arrangements can be obtained on application to the Orient Line, 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3.

For August Bank Holiday the Midland Railway Company have cheap excursions from St. Pancras to provincial towns and holiday resorts throughout England and Scotland. On Saturday, Aug. 5, special trains run from St. Pancras to the Midlands, Yorkshire and Lancashire, with bookings for 3, 4, 8, or 15 days. On Friday, Aug. 4, special trains run to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland, from St. Pancras at 10 p.m., for 4, 5, 8, or 15 days. Tickets will be at a single fare and a third for the double journey; minimum fare, 5s. Day excursions run to Southend and Westcliff, from Fenchurch Street, St. Pancras, etc., at a 4s. fare. On Monday, Aug. 7, a day excursion at a single fare for the double journey leaves St. Pancras at 9.5 a.m., for St. Albans, Luton, Bedford, and to Leicester. Bookings will be given from provincial towns to Midland and East Coast holiday resorts, and to London and the South and West.

The August Bank Holiday arrangements of the Brighton Line are as complete as heretofore. Programmes for 4, 8, or 15 day trips, and week-end and day excursion facilities, have been drawn up. A Paris excursion for 7 to 15 days, by Newhaven and Dieppe, is one attraction, particulars of which the Continental Agent, Brighton Railway, Victoria Station, S.W.1, will supply on demand. Trains leave Victoria at 10 a.m. (1st and 2nd class), and 8.20 p.m. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd).

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

ALBERT TAYLOR (Durnall, Sheffield).—Solution correct and acknowledged in due place. In regard to the Charousek games we do not quite understand your request; but if it refers simply to the particulars under which the Berlin game was played, we fear we cannot, after this interval of time, add to what we gave when it was first published. You will admit, besides, that "in the 'nineties" is a rather indefinite date for us to search for it.

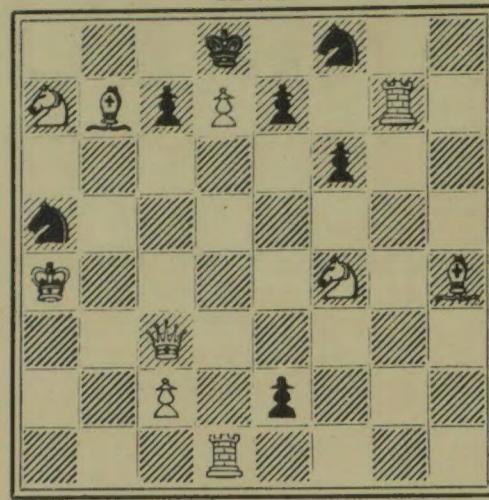
H G (Glossop).—Your further two-mover to hand; but we regret it lacks the necessary qualifications for our acceptance.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3882 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3883 from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver); of No. 3884 from Henry A. Seller (Denver, U.S.A.); of No. 3885 from Thomas Braybon (Tottenham), C H Watson (Masham), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Rev. W Scott, H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), and James M K Lupton (Richmond).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3886 received from P W Hunt (Bridgewater), Major R B Pearce (Harrisburgh), Senex, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), Colonel Godfrey, O Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), H W Satow (Bangor), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), R W Turner (Brighton), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and C H Watson (Masham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3885.—By W. FINLAYSON.
WHITE
1. K to Q 3rd
2. B to Q sq
3. Kt mates.
If Black play: 1. K to Kt 7th, then, 2. B to Q 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3887.—By H. G. (Glossop).
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BREVITIES AND BRILLIANCIES FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS.

Game from a blindfold display by ALEKHIN while in hospital at Tarnopol.

(French Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK
(Alekhin)	(Von Feklit)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. P takes P	P takes P
5. Kt to K 4th	P to K B 4th
6. Kt to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd
7. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
8. Kt to K 5th	Castles
9. K Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
10. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd
11. Castles	R to K sq
12. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
13. B to B 4th	Q Kt to Q 2nd

Game played in an Exhibition of Simultaneous Chess at Chicago between Mr. EDWARD LASKER and Messrs. W. SPARROW and E. DITTERS.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. L.)	(Messrs. S. & D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. Kt takes P	Q to R 5th
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 5th
6. Kt takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)
7. B to K 2nd	Q takes Kt
8. Castles	Kt to B 3rd
9. B to B 3rd	Q to B 5th
10. R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq
11. P to Q R 3rd	B takes Kt
12. P takes B	P to Q 3rd

Black makes two mistakes: one on his 5th move, which gravely weakened his position; the other on his 14th, where Kt to B sq is necessary. The way in which White turns this last error to account is charming.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Sixty (from January 7 to June 24, 1922) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2

A THREAD THAT TALKS.

(See Illustration on Page 167.)

THE idea of recording and reproducing speech on a cellulose thread thinner than a violin string has been carried into practical effect by means of the invention of the "Parlograph," an apparatus which we illustrate on another page in this issue. At first sight of a "Talking Thread" record—which looks like a coiled violin string—many are inclined to be sceptical as to its possibilities. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the invention carries out all that is claimed for it.

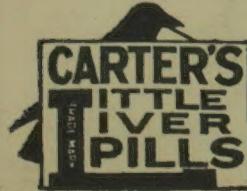
We have spoken, whistled, and made other sounds into the machine, and listened immediately afterwards to the reproduction of the same sounds. Speech is delivered into a small horn attached to the usual type of gramophone sound-box. The sound-waves cause the mica diaphragm to vibrate, and these vibrations are conveyed by a slender rod to the sapphire stylus, which is shaped like a tiny safety-razor blade. The unrecorded thread is contained on a spool, and the loose end of the thread is attached to another winding-off spool. When a record is being made, the thread travels from one spool to the other by electrical or even by hand motion, and, in doing so, lightly rubs against the edge of the stylus, and so becomes impressed with the effect of the sound-vibrations.

Here one may well ask, Why it is that the thread, which in its original state is circular in section, will always pass beneath the stylus with the sound-wave impressions uppermost? This is due to the fact that the thread has a certain amount of natural stiffness, and, being wound in the shape of a coil, automatically tends to keep its outer surface uppermost after having once been coiled round the containing spool.

After a record has been made, the thread is wound back to the original spool, and when the machine is again set in motion, the speech or other sound is reproduced so distinctly that the human voice can be heard all over a room.

Amongst the aims which the inventor, a Swiss, had before him, was to find a sound-carrier which could be manufactured cheaply, and one that should be capable of sustaining any length of dictation. Also to make it as concise as possible, with the object of sending thread records by post in an ordinary letter envelope. A "Talking Thread" record of ten minutes' dictation, equal to four pages of typewritten matter, may be stored beneath the lid of a watch. It is possible for the "Talking Thread" machine to be installed in conjunction with the office telephone, so that messages may be recorded during one's absence. The ease of handling thread records would seem to make the system suitable for teaching foreign languages by post, and the method is equally good for the dictation of business and other letters. Dozens of letters may be dictated on to a single thread, and typed from the reproduction. There is a smaller and cheaper form of the Parlograph which can be worked by hand, and should cause great interest in home circles. Carrying one of these small machines, a traveller could dictate his letters whilst in a train, and post the records to his friends for delivery and reproduction next morning. In time of war, secret code messages might be sent by carrier pigeon.—W. H. S.

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